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WHERE ARE THE HEATHENS

PREJUDICE AS IT REALLY EXISTS AGAINST THE NEGRO.

Church Doors Closed Against Him—Renounced by the Ministers—The Y. M. C. A. "Freeze Out"—Satan will Have His Own.

HELEN DOUGLASS, CEDAR HILL, ANACOSTIA, D. C.

When the observance of Chistmas was instituted, the world wore a different appearance from now. It was during the first half of the second century, when the victories of Trajen had enlarged the boundries of the Roman Empire beyond its ability to maintain them, and his successor Adrian had, in the distant province of Britain, in order to keep in check the impetuous Caledonians, built the Roman wall from Carlisle to New Castle, an eighty mile wall of wood and earth, to protect the imperial army. To day that little island has no rival in the supremacy of the world. It is the self-appointed guardian of the peace of Europe. It has seated itself firmly in every continent, and no island of the sea is too small or too insignificant to be appropriated as a part of the British possessions. No one knows when a convulsion of nature will lift some little peak above the surface of the sea and make of it a small continent. When that occurs the Union Jack will be already flying and Mr. Bull in possession, To be sure his hand did slip off from this country, but it was no fault of his, and that accident can be more than compensated by the hearty relations that should maintain between the two countries.

Our relative is not asleep, however, and continues his practice of picking up bits of universe wherever he finds them, erecting there on impregnable forts and manning them with English garrisons. The United States is situated within a triangle of such sagacious reminders where "Peace on earth good will toward men" is being inculcated along with the Chritmas polishing of cannon. Seriously, we have much to learn of our British cousins. Why should we pretend to be above learning? A five minute study in London of the impertturable British guard, and the secret of England stability is learned. "England expects every man to his duty!" Of course there is the basis of English blood. "Fe-fi-fo-fum," I smell the blood of an Englishman. "Were the English wanting in either nerve or character, England would probably proceede this demand upon conscience with a little wholesome training. When the gold mines of Manitoba were opened, a set of desperadoes from our South West, hurried, with their knives and pistols, to the mining camp. Meanwhile an English younger son had been sent out as Governor. After a few weeks American independence asserted itself, and one blusterer declared that he was thristing for a fight and that he must shoot somebody. The English younger son gently tapped the speaker's shoulder and said quietly, "My friend, when you get ready to shoot somebody, I will be there to see that some hanging is done!" A more orderly mining camp never existed than has been that one from that day.

Certain sections of our own loved land have the thirst of that swaggerer and would bear the importation of a million of just such quiet, duty-loving Englishmen, and we, as a people, would be the better for it for all time to come.

The huzzahs of a strongly contested election have hardly died away. But a few weeks and Uncle Samuel's quadriennial house cleaning will begin. What is, and what should be, the attitude of the public mind, during this interval? Is it reflected in the public press? How many of our papers are urging upon the people the serious consideration of the questions involved in the administration to which we are looking forward, and how many are filling their columns with gossip concerning the scramble for office; flinging out the unwisest suggestions, as people fling pennies among a parcel of boys, to see them jump? Which is the more to be striven for, the occupying an office for a few years, or the acquiring the ability to fill any office and to maintain its obligations with honor? What proportion of our adult manhood is engaged in serious introspection and study of how best to increase its value in the way of good citizenship, and what proportion is at present occupied in tilting before the political mirror and attudinizing in some fancied political finery?

We are a great country, but have we not rested too securely in that fact and too much taken for granted that all will go well. It may be remembered that it was while the husbandman slept, that the tares were sown. What kind of material are we preparing for the citizenship of another generation? We have heard the cry of distant Armenia, and the ears of some are turned towards Cuba, but what of the Armenia in our own land? Who hears the deal by water, to use it upon the helpless wretches in its power. The barbarism that seeks expression in these tortures, is however, unsatisfied until it has completed the moral ruin of the victim. Immagination cannot exceed the disgusting details of convict camp life. In face of all that this involves, we have the admission of a Southern Governor that it cannot be seen how all this is to be helped. Attempts at reform are successfully resisted by officials. Think of legislators of such characters coming up to Congress to legislate for a free people, while at home they are pouring a steady stream of sewerage into society!

With this evil to face, and nine hundred millions of dollars annually devoted to intemperance, and the poor crying for bread, and loyal citizens purposely defrauded their vote, is it not time for earnest thought, especially when we consider the apathy of those obstensibly devoted to reform? It is asserted that our National Prison Congress leaves from sheer cowardice, the Convict Lease System untouched. The Woman's Journal, a valuable paper, devoted to the cause of suffrage, is tireless in its efforts to aid the Armenians in Turkey,—and this is right,—but its columns have been

EX-SENATOR B. K. BRUCE,
See article, "A Glance into the Future," on this page.

howlings of the wretches daily murdered in the chain ganges of the South? What voice is raised for the children led to perdition through those convict camps denounced by the Penitentiary Committee of a Southern state, as "hell holes of rage, despair and vice?" and in which the victim is deliberately rendered impossible of reformation? Who pauses to consider that hundreds of innocent men are pounced upon and conveyed into these ogre dens of infamy, to be tortured to death?

What right have we, as a nation, to harden our hearts till we become impervious to pity? Is it any wonder that individuals brought up in a country harboring such institutions, could in Mexico, sit unmoved by a bull fight? Where is any John the Baptist ranging this American wilderness and preaching "Repent ye! repent ye! "This is no accidental criminality! It is an organized inhumanity, deliberately incorporated in the political system of the South. Cannibalism is human, compared with it. It even dragged from the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition, the torture known as the or-

scrutinized in vain for a single word denouncing the atrocities practiced in the Armenia of our own land. A late number of the Journal gives, in its southern correspondence, and with the approbation of silence, a description of a Southern polling place on last election day. The writer records that she met no danger from Negroes, significantly adding that there were none to be seen, though in the streets some were walking about in a very orderly manner, and she affirms her belief that the Negro women can be managed in the same way. Is this the Republican idea? And when reform forgets to reform is it not time to speak? How can children be taught the sacredness of the ballot, if it is a thing to be tossed about like a tennis ball, and whole communities defrauded of it without remonstrance? How are our future citizens to be made to value it?

The Columbia University has again enrolled itself upon the side of injustice, and therefore among the immoral forces of the land. It

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE

LOGICAL REASONING BY A POLITICAL SAGE—ISSUES OF 1900.

What will the Outcome be? Tariff, it is Said, Will not Involve the Wisdom of the Policy—The Money Question—Suggestions.

BY B. K. BRUCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

An exhaustive forecast of the political issues of 1900 would be interesting, but is not practicable, and there are fundamental differences between the parties or principles and policies that do not drop out of national politics even in a generation. Revenue and financial questions are of this type and the questions in one canvass of this character may safely be selected to be carried in some form in the succeeding canvass. It is probable that the tariff, which is a revenue question, will appear in the next canvass, but with a wise Republican administration for four years and a working majority in the Senate and House of Representatives, it is probable that the protective policy, as an economic philosophy, will not be contested, and the tariff discussion will not involve the wisdom of the policy, but simply that of the schedule of impost carrying it into effect. The political contention then would not exist relative to the principle of protection, but only reach the tariff law, making that principle operative. The contention, therefore, would not involve a policy but a measure. The money question must be settled by the people, and its permanent settlement demands a discussion that shall reach the masses and the classes alike, and thereby enable the voters intelligently to pass upon the question of standards.

There will be probably in 1900 no considerable portion of the American people who will either advocate or support any financial legislation that carries a violation of good faith by the parties to existing business contracts, or that would result in a depreciated currency, either metallic or paper.

The money issue will then be only on the question of a single or double standard. There are both Democrats and Republicans who believe that a single gold standard is the wisest and best instrument of business and that its maintenance is necessary to the business prosperity of the nation. But the majority of the voters in all parties favor a double standard of gold and silver, provided it can be established and maintained by some method that shall preserve the commercial parity of the coins, and thereby retain both gold and silver dollars in free circulation. The monetary question to be settled in 1900 will not be the preservation of the integrity of our money, because the concensus of public opinion will have settled that beyond controversy ere the next campaign shall be on. But the problem to be solved will be, how it will be practicable, without commercial convulsion and without bad faith, to create and successfully maintain the double standard. As the question of standard involves not only the people of America, but all the commercial communities with which they trade, the surface and controlling expression is that nothing short of concurrent national action can permanently settle this question. It is not unusual for individual administrations to originate new political issues and project into national campaigns new questions by the manner in which they deal with popular needs, or handle old or new abuses that have grown up in the nation. Unlawful combinations to control special lines of business against the interest of the many in favor of the

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

LIFE OF LEWIS HAYDEN.

HE WAS AN UNTIRING, ZEALOUS, ARDENT, PROGRESSIVE RACE

Man—His Influential and Exemplary Life—He Boldly Aided Escaping Fugitives—Through his Efforts Colored Troops were Ordered.

J. C. M'KINLEY, LOUISVILLE, KY.

In the fall of 1882 I was on a visit to Boston, Mass. Through the kindness of the Hon. James S. Trotter I chanced to meet Mr. Harry Wilson, a hospitable young bachelor, who in turn, had me call upon Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hayden, from which introduction a friendship lasted until the death of both old people. Mr. Hayden impressed me very forcibly with his wisdom and general information. He took the time to show me all the historic spots about the city and interested me generally—so much so that I became interested in him, and finally found that he was a native of Kentucky. He was one of the leading characters around Boston, so I commenced to make inquiry about him there and here in my own state. Now as it is the fad to write up noted characters among the white race, I thought I would give you and your readers the result of my research concerning my friend, Mr. Lewis Hayden. So few of us West and South know of this man, who in some instances reminds one of the late Hon. Frederick Douglass, both of whom were close friends.

Lewis Hayden was born, as near as his memory would allow him to go back, about 1816 in the city of Lexington, Ky., a slave of Rev. Adam Rankin, a Presbyterian minister, and at ten years of age he was sold to Elijah Weaver for a pair of horses. He was again sold to Grant and Baxter in 1840 with the understanding that he might buy himself. At twenty-six years of age he married Harriet Bell of Lexington. From this union a boy was born to them. He was tired of slavery, and it came to him that there was nothing in the future for himself, wife and child but chains and he determined to escape.

His first thought of flight was when driving along the road between Lexington and Frankfort in 1844. So absorbed was he in his reverie that not until the horse stopped did he realize what he was doing or where he was. Escape was determined upon, and at the close of September 1844, he with his wife and child began their flight in which they were assisted by the Rev. Calvin Fairbanks and Miss Julia A. Webster, both of whom were imprisoned for assisting slaves to escape from the state. He crossed the Ohio river at Ripley, O., on the 30th of September, and found himself in the hands of the agent of the once famous Under Ground Railroad. The pass word, "Where are You Bound For?" was given and he respond, "To Canada or Die!" "Come with me," and the journey towards the North Star was commenced.

It was in December when he crossed the Canadian line. He had hardly settled before he at once commenced to work for the betterment of his fellow sufferers. Six months later Mr. Hayden re-crossed the Canadian line and made Detroit his home. There with his untiring zeal he succeeded in establishing a school for the race and secured funds to erect the first Methodist church. In 1845 in company with the then Rev. J. M. Brown, now the late Bishop Brown, was sent to Boston by the fugitives who were scattered along the borders of Canada to solicit funds to enable them to educate their children and to improve their condition. On this trip Mr. Hayden made a number of addresses which attracted so much attention that he was asked by the Anti-Slavery Society to speak throughout New England.

In 1848 Mr. Hayden moved to Boston to live. He soon made the acquaintance of John A. Andrew who was at that time unknown to fame. The two became fast friends which lasted until the death of Mr. Andrew. Mr. Hayden saw in Mr. Andrew the qualities that would make him useful to the race so set to work to bring him into prominence. He urged upon Mr. Andrew to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the legislature. He being poor, having just entered upon the practice of law, reluctantly suffered his name to be used, and to his surprise, found himself elected, and from that time on he espoused the cause of the race and rose from that to the governor of the state. When the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law, Mr. Hayden was every where watching for fugitives who might come into Boston and take them to a place of safety, often running great risk in doing so.

The most noted cases with which he was connected were those of William and Ellen Crafts who came from Georgia, also Anthony Burns. The Crafts reached Boston in 1851. They had been in hiding in and out of the city for some days; at last it was decided to take them to Mr. Hayden's house. The authorities learned of their whereabouts but word had gone out that they would not be taken alive. Anthony Burns was caught while out of the house and presented at court. Mr. Hayden and others took Burns by force from the officers and set him at liberty.

Mr. Hayden owned a large clothing store which is said to have been worth $10,000 and did good business until the panic of 1857 when he lost all. At this store the Anti-Slavery leaders used to meet to confer with each other, among whom were Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown. Mr. Hayden and John Brown were close friends and many of the plans of the hero of Harper's Ferry were arranged in Mr. Hayden's home. While Mr. Brown was in prison awaiting his trial, Victor Hugo sent Mr. Hayden a picture showing what would be the result of the trial. The picture is sombre, yet spoke the truth. When I stood before the picture the first thought was that it was the representation of an approaching storm, but on looking closer the clouds seemed to gradually disappear, and in the dim distance a scaffold could be seen with the effigy of a man hanging. After loosing his business Mr. Hayden was appointed in 1858 to a lucrative place in the State Department of Massachusetts which position he held till his death.

The Hon. John A. Andrew was governor during the war, and was known as the war governor. The words of Mr. Hayden had great weight with him. One day during the war when the northern forces had met with several disastrous defeats, Governor Andrew sent for Mr. Hayden to call at the Executive Department, as he wished to see him. As Mr. Hayden entered his office he saw that the governor was much troubled in mind. The governor said: "Mr. Hayden, what in your opinion is the course the National Government ought to pursue to bring this terrible war to a successful termination." "Put colored troops in the field, sir," was Mr. Hayden's reply. The governor was forcibly struck by the answer, and soon went to Washington and laid the suggestion of Mr. Hayden before President Lincoln, and the president soon issued a call for the enlistment of colored soldiers, and Governor Andrew was the first to have colored men to enlist, thus placing the 54th regiment at the head of the list of all other states. To-day the most prominent flag among the many flags of the regiments of Massachusetts sent out is the 54th. Mr. Hayden was too old to enlist, so he sent his only son who fell at the battle of New Orleans with Admiral Farragut.

In 1848 Mr. Hayden was initiated into the African Lodge, No. 459 of the Masonic order. From the first he became an active, progressive and aggressive member. He was the author of a number of books on Masonry, among which were "Caste Among Masons" and the "Ancient York Masonry."

When the rebellion was over and slavery had been obliterated, Mr. Hayden commenced an attack upon the white Masons of this country who ignored the colored brother, and charged them with being clandestined and irregular. To refute this charge and to establish the legitimacy of the organization and to show that the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Massachusetts is the true and legitimate body in this country, he, in 1871, opened correspondence with Mr. J. G. Tindal, then Grand Representative of Prince Hall Grand Lodge in Europe. He addressed him as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR AND BRO:—As we read of the struggle of our fathers against the oppressions brought to bear upon them, previous to and since the commencement of our government to dispossess them of what manhood they then possessed, we find that they had to struggle to maintain even the smallest claim to humanity, so that none need be surprised that, after having refused them the means of an education, of which Prince Hall complained in an address delivered before our lodge in 1792, nay, more, in parts of the country the education of our people was absolutely forbidden, by laws the spirit of which can be seen by reference to the action of the House of Delegates of Virginia, and which expressed the American sentiment of that day. They sought to extract by a system of laws, even the power of reason, as the following shows as reported by a committee: 'We have, so far as possible, closed every avenue by which light might enter their minds (the Negro.) If we could extinguish the capacity to see the light, our work would be completed, and we would be safe' (the whites.)

"No one will question the fact that the Masonic Fraternity was represented by the men who passed such laws as those alluded to, the baneful effects of which we are contending against to this day. For the old adage is literaly true, 'Those we wrong we hate.' They have wronged us and our fathers, hence they hate us. And were they the men in their lodges as they have shown themselves to be in their several Legislative Halls, I repeat that in the organization of their Lodges and Grand Lodges, they have persistently rejected the colored Masons, regardless of the justness of their claims as men and Masons, and to do so they have resorted to all kinds of subterfuges, ignoring truth, landmark and usage, all have been thrown to the wind."

Through this correspondence, Mr. Hayden established the legitimacy of Colored Masons. In 1874, Mr. Hayden had a tilt with Judge Simms of Georgia on the legitimacy of the Colored Masons and addressed him the following letter:

"SIR AND BRO:—The dark ages of slavery is fast passing away, and as its shadow recedes, it is our duty, as colored men, who were the subjects of oppression, to advance toward light and knowledge. Then how important that we divest ourselves of all the darkness with which slavery has beclouded our understanding. Although it may require years of arduous labor, notwithstanding all the aids which the present advanced state of mankind affords to accomplish this great work, which we believe God in His providence will work out in and through us for the good of our race and mankind in general. For, as we know that the rays of the early dawn are a pledge of the coming day, so do we know that the evening twilight foreshadows the coming night. A question now arises whether the Masonic system or institution in any way aids us in our search for truth which to man is true light, etc."

In 1876 the Colored Ladies' Charitable Association in recognition of, and homage to the Declaration of Independence asked Mr. Hayden to address them upon the subject "From the Slavery of 1776, to the Freedom of 1876." He said:

"How mysterious are the ways of God in his dealing with mankind! This is more vividly seen in the fact that all, or nearly all, great revolutions for the improvement of the condition of man begun, not with those whom the world regards as wise and great, but on the contrary, with those who are classed among the weak and feeble. Oppression forces the oppressed to seek, under God the method for their own disenthralment. The human race being linked together, the elevation of one aids all. This principle is farther illustrated in the fact that it was none other than a fugitive slave who set in motion that which culminated in the independence of the United States of America, we allude to Crispus Attuck. It was committed to Salem Poor, another slave, to turn the tide of war at Bunker Hill in favor of the cause for which Crispus Attuck had already offered up his life by mortally wounding by his deliberate aim Major Pitcairon, the British officer in charge of the opposing forces of the Revolution. In the late rebellion the 54th and 55th regiments of Massachusetts volunteers on entering the service changed the whole character of the contest by reason of the fact that it maddened the rebels and created Andersonville and Belle Isle, etc."

The greatest of the many heroic things Mr. Hayden did was the consummation of the work which extended over a period of 37 years, that was the execution of the monument to the memory of Crispus Attuck. He did not conceive the idea, but it was through the persistency of Mr. Hayden that the shaft now stands upon the Boston Common. On the 14th of November 1888 the unveiling and dedication of the monument took place. All the pomp and honor due a hero was displayed. Societies, military organizations, the Governor and staff, the Mayor, Aldermen and Councilmen assembled upon the famous Boston Common at the shaft. Mr. Hayden old and feeble, was carried upon the platform to witness the crowning work of his life, the last that he would have to do on earth for his race. No doubt he went from the ceremonies of that day and said as the prophet of old: "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, mine eyes hath seen"

Early in the morning at about 4:15 a. m. on Sunday April 5th, 1889, all that was mortal of the Hon. Lewis Hayden had taken its flight. The lamented poet John Boyle O'Reilly, said on learning of the death of Mr. Hayden that: "No one could know Mr. Hayden intimately without concluding that his was a large and remarkable nature. He had in a singular degree a quality that the Negro race possesses in a higher degree than any other people, that is simplicity with wisdom. He was so wise that those who knew him best valued his slightest words. I never knew any one so devoted to the interest of a people and, I have known many race leaders, as he was, to his injured and misrepresented race. He opposed like a man, but never resented. When I think of such a soul coming unstained and unbent out of the horrors and pressures of slavery, it makes me thank God for planting anew in every life the seeds of perfect manhood."

The following obituary noticeof Mr. Hayden was published in the "Bauhutte of Germany," April 27, 1889: "The Prince Hall Grand Lodge, of Boston, has suffered a severe loss. One of the most meritorius members, Lewis Hayden has entered the eternal ease. He reached a remarkable high age."

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden bequeathed a scholarship to be established at Harvard College to be known as the Lewis and Harriett Hayden scholarship, for the benefit of poor colored youths who may be desirous of reading medicine.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS GLADNESS.

Its Delights and Festivities—Our New Civilization—The Roman Empire God's Instrument and Agency.

BY ALEX. CRUMWELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The delights and joyousness of the Christmas festival are, at all times, so numerous and so absorbing, that we are apt to pass over the grandeur of the event it commemorates, and the majestic revolution which it originated. I refer to that broad transformation of man's civilization which Christ has wrought. We have only to go back into the past histories of nations and we shall see the nature of this achievement.

We all know somewhat the cultivation of Egypt, Babylon, Phœnicia, Greece and Rome. We know how various were the forms of this cultivation in these several peoples, but we find one broad generalization that may be made of them all, that is, that they were saturated with the spirit of brutality, lust and murder. When one goes into the museums of Paris and London and looks at the monuments of ancient art, dug up after centuries of dark repose from the ruins and debris of Nineveh, or Cypress, or Greece, or Rome, it is difficult to say which form of astonishment is the greater, the astonishment at the exquisite perfection of the art, or the astonishment at the moral debasement they discover. The same contrast and disparity constantly come to mind in reading the poetry and the histories of the pagan writers. The paintings and the sculpture are too often vile and infamous. The condition of women among them was degrading. Their family life was barbarous, and not seldom shameless. The social state presented the varied aspect of great luxury, dazzling splendor, allied to gross license and unrestrained indulgence.

While it is difficult to define with exactness the term civilization, the several items thus referred to may be taken as representing its prominent elements; and it is evident that the civilization of man at the time of Christ's advent and previous thereto, was not a power for good and elevation in the world.

See now the great work which has been done by our Lord in changing the moral complexion of human civilization. This revolution began in the family. It destroyed, first of all, the pagan status of womanly life. The gospel law was a proclamation of equality to women. In the church of God she found at once and for the first time, her place as man's equal and his companion. The elevation of woman in the church was, at the same time, the reconstruction of the family. The household thus sanctified and elevated, was a "church in the house," and it became an organic unit for wider, nobler uses beyond itself. As christian households increased, the whole structure of social and domestic life became changed and purified. The saints, in heathen communities, carried the divine principle into their traffic, business, trades, professions, civil relations and service, and so, gradually, the old, impure pagan element of society were everywhere antagonized by the cross and beaten down from supremacy. The leaven of christianity spread into every section of society; it seized upon every occupation; it entered every relation of life; it penetrated the army, the civil courts, the senate, and at last it reached the seat of the Imperial Cæsar. "We are a people of yesterday," says Tertullian in his Apology, "and yet we have filled every place belonging to you—cities, islands, castles, towns, assemblies, your very camp, your tribes, companies, palace, senate, forum! We leave you your temples only. We can count your armies; our numbers in a single province will be greater." And about the middle of the second century, says Justine Martyr, "There is no people, Greek or barbarian, or of any other race by whatsoever appellation or manners they may be distinguished, however ignorant of art or agriculture, whether they dwell in tents or wander about in covered wagons, among whom prayers and thanksgiving are not offered in the name of the crucified Jesus, to the Father and creator of all things."

When the gospel had done its work in the Roman Empire, it stretched out for new conquests in the other states of Europe. Nay, the Roman Empire was God's instrument and agency for the spread of the newly-created christian civilization. The empire conquered tribe after tribe, province after province, one barbarous nation after another and subjected them to Roman law and authority. And then the church seized, in Christ's name, upon the Empire, and made it her agent, whereby a chastened christian civilization was spread throughout Europe. And this day every one sees the grand outcome of the whole process. Christianity, at this moment, is the masterful power in every European state, and through their laws, colonies and commerce wields the sceptre of the globe.

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with all their undertakings, while those who neglect his advice are still laboring against poverty. Through his perfect knowledge of chemistry he can impart to you a secret that will overcome your enemies and win you friends. His aid and advice has often been solicted; the result has always been the securing of speedy and happy marriages and all your wishes. In love affairs he never fails. He has the secret of winning the affections of the opposite sex.

It is the curse of Spiritualism that in all large cities there are a class of men and women who claim powers they do not possess. They have neither gifts, credentials, nor references. Surely the colored people are not so wanting ing in sense as to throw their time and money away on such. Dr. Shea refers to the Hon. Chas. Miller, capitalist, 2481 Atlantic Ave.; the Hon. Wm. Denmore, architect and builder, 47 Cleveland avenue, and Mr. Fred Lampe, grocer, 641 Fulton street, Brooklyn. All have known him for the past ten years. He gives a free test of his power to all. The doctor has practiced five years in New Orleans, St. Louis, Memphis, and Louisville; understands thoroughly the diseases, spells or influences the race is subject to. He has now and always had a large patronage from them.

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING:

Brooklyn, Aug. 15, 1891.—This is to certify that I came to New York from Albany. I was a stranger in a strange city, out of work and out of money. I had no luck in anything I undertook. What to do I did not know. A friend advised me to go and see Dr. Shea. I did. He told me the cause of my troubles; he took me in and treated me as a brother. Through him I got a good position that very week. I had been to others; they took my money and did me no good. I bless the day I first met Dr. Shea. I would advise all in bad luck, sick or in trouble to go to him at once.

Sincerely, Albert Ayers,

2937 Atlantic Ave.

Brooklyn, Aug. 15, 1891.—This letter is to certify that my husband had gone away and had been absent two years. I mourned for him night and day. I gave him up as dead. Hearing of the wonderful things Dr. Shea was doing I resolved to consult him. He told me that my husband was alive and well and where he was; told me he would come home and when. To my joy all of it came true. He is home now came back like one from the dead. I also wish to say that this month I lost $250. I am a poor woman and I was almost insane. I went to Dr. Shea and he told me I would find my money and to my intense joy I did find it as he told me. I thank God there is a man so gifted in our midst that can help people and tell them what to do.

Sincerely, Mrs. Barrett,

121-23rd Street.

A SENSATION IN BROOKLYN—A MINISTER'S STATEMENT.

I wish to state that one of my parishoners was sick and in trouble for a long time, Mrs. Brown, 37 Gay street. No one seemed to under stand her case. She had several doctors, but none of them seemed to know what was the matter. None could do her any good. It was my duty as her pastor to call and see her. Hearing of the wonderful work being done by Dr. Shea the last few years, I thought I would call and see him myself, I found him a sympathetic gentleman. He gave me a wonderful test of his powers; told me to send him a lock of patient's hair, which I did by her daughter. He told at one what was the matter and in a short time cured her sound and well. Her family had seemingly been under a cloud. Now all is changed. All are well and prosperous. I can truely and and heartily reccommend Dr. Shea, to all those in sickness or distress of any kind, Rev. William Johnson, pastor Lebanon church, Brooklyn.

Dr. Shea can show thousands such as the above.

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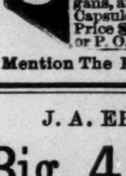

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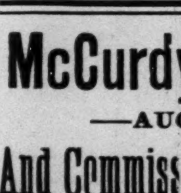

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GOD LIFTED UP A DOUGLASS

AND ABOUT HIM SET A GLITTERING GALAXY OF NOBLE

Negroes—The Grand Old Heroes Gone From Earth, Yet They Live—The Good, the True, will Survive—Our Onward March.

BY J. M. HENDERSON, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Whatever of respect the world may have for the Negro is confined to individuals of the race and is not reflected to the race as a whole. The name of Frederick Douglass is uttered with reverence the wide world over. In the glorious galaxy of noble men and women whom the world has learned to esteem the gamut of human virtues, is run over to its highest note, and every high and noble quality that has rendered the soul of man worthy of love and respect has been exhibited by men and women of Negro blood. The world has not been blind to these splendid characters nor has it been stinted in the recognition of their worth. Yet, strange to say, hundreds of business men who have esteemed it an honor to entertain as distinguished a guest as Douglass, have refused with contempt, the request for employment, timidly urged by an aspiring Negro boy. Is there any inconsistent facts before us? What do they teach? Simply this: "Whatever of respect the world may have for the Negro is confined to individuals of the race, and is not reflection to the race as a whole."

The name of Frederick Douglass is universally honored; the name Negro is everywhere despised. The most ardent and heroic white benefactors of the Negro weep over his wrongs, plead for his rights, but shrink from his social touch. The Negro who would win the esteem of the world must shine with virtues so resplendent that in their glow the taint of his blood is made obscure. The splendor of his character as an individual must become so brilliant that his blood is forgotten. Why is this? What is the origin, what the quality of the prejudice against the Negro? Is it a race prejudice, is it a social prejudice, which, what? Can the Negro do anything to lessen or destroy the prejudice which exists against him? If so, what can he do? How can he do it? Is there any means by which illustrious Negroes can reflect upon their humble fellows some of the respect which they have won?

Dear reader, don't indulge any fancy that this article will attempt to answer such questions. The writer is not a philosopher; he cannot ask with boldness and answer with confidence such queries. He is a child and stands with unappreciating gaze before a vast field of facts, speculations and fancies. He is an imprisoned bird that longs to soar above the discouraging conditions of the present, and out in the depths of the empyrean of higher, noblier thoughts find hope for a noble people, but his weak wings beat helplessly against the stern barriers of stubborn facts. Each hour of thought, each advancing step of investigation but reveal more and more of the accursed evils to which prejudice is subjecting a weak, but noble race. Over the present hang dark skies and along the pathway of the near future graves multiply. Yet despair comes not to my heart, nor does the angel of hope lower her finger or drop her intense gaze. The present is gloomy, but far, far down the dim vista of years there gleams a star. God lifted up a Douglass and round about him set a glittering galaxy of noble Negroes who in the day of earth life exhibited the highest reach and range of the mental and spiritual capacity, and who beat their wings against the farthest boundaries of human excellence.

Benjamin Banneker, Nat Turner, Madison Washington, Placido, Toussaint L'Overture, Crispus Attucks, Dessalines, Aldridge, Dumas, Phyllis Wheatley, Delaney, Reason, Payne, Brown, Wayman and the mighty host that with them soared above the low estate of a despised race and won the esteem of a prejudiced world, these—all of these—they are ours—they are Negroes; they lived in the realms of thought of high and holy endeavor, far, far above the lowly path which we tread, but they began where we are now; they reached the heights; they stand upon the lofty peaks and beckon us upward; they seem to say: "God simply appointed us as advance couriers; we have marked out the way, what we became—what the Negro is to be; lift up the mass—despair not; the God of heaven is your friend; lift up the mass." Down from the dim summits of glory come the whisperings of these exalted ones. Do you hear them teachers, preachers, editors, fathers, mothers, do you hear them? They bid us to hope; they entreat us to press onward. These noble souls, they were fellow-workers with our God; they have blazed for us a pathway; they have stormed the citadels of prejudice; they have conquered; though gone from earth they yet live—they yet lead.

These thoughts soar too high; they fly to regions too exalted; my poor pen falters; my words fail, but by all that my soul loves I solemnly vow that "onward" shall be my watchword, and through rain or shine, through day or night, over stream and mountain, onward my feet shall go; I shall live—shall die a firm, an unfaltering believer, an untiring worker for the brighter destiny that awaits my people. The unconcerned may gather the pleasures and reap the profits of the passing hour, the insincere may jeer and condemn, the profligate may carp and criticise, the false may cry "Peace, peace," but I shall live and labor for the future. My pen shall not shirk, nor my voice be hushed, but from press, platform and pulpit I shall cry aloud against the evils that weigh down, and the sins that fetter and shall point to the better way with all the poor earnestness that within me is.

Dear reader, don't think that all of this is mere sentiment. To stand forth, to steadily declare the truth means much of sacrifice. It means to be the target for many shafts. Cruelest darts fly from saintly hands—hands saintly in pretence but dripping with blood. Every Negro, be he bishop, preacher, senator, or what he will, every Negro who seeks to hide from an earnest people the faults, the evils, the sins that hold them down is, intentionally or unconsciously the deadly foe of the race. It is this class that strikes at every champion of truth with the mace of abuse or that lets fly the feathered shaft of poisoned sophistry.

Let us get right down to plain everyday talk now for a few moments. The Afro-American press is just now teeming with articles from men who loudly denounce those who dare to expose the deficiencies of the race. Some of these writers are men of brilliant minds and who cloth their hypocritical can't in the texture of finest rhetoric. They make the artful pretence that their concern is for the race, that they fear the race will suffer in the esteem of the world because the faults and sins of big men are exposed. I have made a careful canvass of more than a score of the writers who indulge in this sort of talk and in each case I find that they are fellows whose lives are not in harmony with what they profess. Some of them are preachers, but are at the same time destroyers of virtue, betrayers of homes villians whose carcasses should hang festering from a tree.

No Negro who is intelligent can be sincere when he asserts that it will lower his race in the esteem of the world for the press, pulpit and platform to declaim against the evils that are eating at its very heart. Are all of our institutions, are all of our great men so rotten that they can hold the respect of the world only by drawing close about them the mantle of secrecy? If so the quicker they are exposed, the sooner they are cast down, the better. But such is not the case. We have men and women who can walk the hottest furnace and come forth more glorious than ever. We have institutions that can stand criticism and that need not shrink nor seek shelter behind pious lies.

Silence as to our faults misleads ourselves only and not the world. By my side there is a pile of books, ten in number, all devoted to a discussion of the Afro-American. They follow him everywhere, to church, to school, to his home, they expose the bare and unvarnished facts of his life and character; they give place, circumstance and statistics. On my shelves are stacks of magazines, pamphlets and papers in which the Afro-American is discussed from every point of view. In my chest is bundle after bundle of letters from preachers, from laymen, from men and from women in which some of the most damnable deeds of "holy men" are recounted. These books are being read everywhere, these papers and pamphlets and magazines are entering every open door and telling their story. The millions who read them are prying about among us and closely watching everything, they see the truth, it cannot be hidden. They listen to hear some one cry out against the evils. If they find pulpit, press and platform all silent or what is worse ringing with extravagant words of praise and misleading representations, then they say, "the Negro is not only as he is painted, but he is so low that he does not smell the stench, he is so besotten that he does not realize his condition."

It is neither surprising nor to our discredit that evils exists among us, but it is a crying shame that those who should endeavor to eradicate these evils seek to simply cover them over.

For my part I have no confidence in the smooth talk of men who are false to every sacred trust, who seek to win by flattery. I cast my lot unreservedly with those who are determined to honor truth and to seek true progress.

Those who would place brilliant adulterers upon the throne and having covered their iniquities with robes of false praise seek to palm them off upon the world, shall ever find in me an uncompromising foe. Every court follower who seeks to defend such a false god shall feel my steel.

Those who would fatten off of the offerings of a poor but aspiring people whose hard earnings they squander in unmerited luxuries that pander to depraved tastes, shall have reason to fear.

I shall endeavor to be judicious and to consider time, place and season, but I shall never shrink. I shall never expose any horrid sin to the world when other means of dealing it a blow are possible, but when all else has failed I shall never hesitate to call down upon those who seek to shield evil the overwhelming denunciation of the world.

As a people we are seeking to scale the heights, we want no delusive camp of ease and contentment along the way, our aspirations are as high as the highest. Whatever may be the depths from whence we came our goal is the loftiest summit of human excellence. The frowns of our enemies, the opposition of our foes, the difficulties of our path, the falsehoods of traitors, none of these things shall turn us aside nor defeat our onward march. The Negro is a man, the brother of all other men and by the help of God he will at last fight his way to his place at the Father's table. The Negro will tear from his breast his own sins and will tear from their iron hinges the doors of prejudice, and will march onward and upward, year after year, generation after generation until victory is his. Many may fall by the wayside, millions may perish but the good, the true will survive.

Once we dwelt in the darkness of idolatry but we have broken our idols; once fetters of slavery shackled us, now we are free; once superstitions blinded us, now we know God, once the delusive words of false men lured us into contentment, now we see the shining peaks of the heights where our noblest have stood. We are marching on, we are climbing upward. Our pathway is dotted with school houses, with chapels, with printing presses, these tell of the means we are using.

Those who would use our churches as a means to gratify selfish ambitions, we will destroy; those who use our schools for private gain, we will hang by the wayside; we are marching on as a race and are getting better and better. Men whose only promotion is in lowering the standard of moral worth are living years too late. The standard is going up, it cannot be brought down.

Far, far up yonder among earth's nobliest, in the glorious company of the exalted we see some of our race. the sight quickens the flow of our blood, it strengthens our limbs, it doubles our courage, it renders our purpose inflexible, we see God's appointed examples of what we can be, we push on. Yes we have faults, we have vices, we are poor, ignorant and mean but we know it, we are discontent with our condition, we have aspirations far above what we are, we are advancing. Who can stay our march? Can the armed foe? If they slay our Nat Turner whose ringing words echoed only among the plantations, God will raise us up a Douglass whose eloquence shall be poured forth in the ears of kings. Can poverty? Consumption, fevers, blighting diseases may invade our humble cabins and crowded tenaments but some will survive. Our ranks may thin but our purpose will but strengthen. A nation may step in our pathway, God will convulse it with the terrible carnage of war. Prejudice may lock the factories and close the busy marts of trade to us, God has raised up a Booker Washington. Demagogary may lay its withering hand upon us. God has given us a Derrick with eagle eye and fearless speech. Formalism may clog our spiritual activities. God has appointed a Grant and clothed him with apostolic fire. We are marching on Dunbar, Scarbourough, Dubois, Greener lift up our standard in the world of letters, Langston, Steward, Matthews, Straker speak for us in the world of law, Fortune, Knox, Smith, Cooper, lead off the march toward journalism at the front of the great column of industrious, aspiring citizens Methodists, Baptists and all most all sects lift high the banner of the cross and push onward, forward, upward. We are weak, we are humble but our eye is on the heights and our feet are pressing toward the mark. God helping us we shall stand above the clouds bye and bye.

A Lady's Sudden Demise.

Eufaula, Ala., Special.

Mrs. Mollie Britt died Saturday morning, after an illness of several months. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon from St. Luke's A. M. E. church, Rev. D. C. Edmondson officiating, assisted by Rev. John Harmon. Melvin Patterson, of Appalachicola, Fla, is in the city. The funeral services of Webb Hutchins took place the 6th from the Baptist church, Rev. J. W. Jackson, officiating. Bluff City lodge No. 3700, G. U. O. of O. F., were in attendance. C. J. Cain has purchased P. S. Williams' stock of groceries. J. Walton, of Clayton, Ala., spent last Sabbath in this city. L C. Gardner is out again after an illness of several days. Rev. John Harmon preached his farewell sermon on the 6th and left on the 8th for conference. Rev. D. C. Edmonson, pastor of St. Luke's A. M. E. church, preached his farewell sermon on the evening of the 6th, and left on the 8th for Opelika, Ala., to attend the annual conference. The Lord's supper was administered at the different churches last Sabbath night. A Home and Foreign Missionary society was organized at St. John's A. M. E. church on Nov. 29th. They elected the following officers: Mrs. Margaret Kirkland, president; Mrs. Sarah Williams, Mrs. Queen McSwain, Mrs. Hannah Webb, vice-presidents; Miss Carrie Johnson, secretary; Miss Essie Stratton, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Dollie Cade, treasurer. Get The Freeman at John Ward's restaurant every Saturday.

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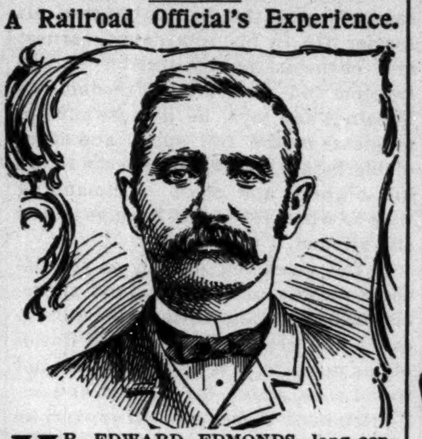

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There are some persons who believe that there is no truth to be gained from consulting a Medium, but such beliefs are contrary to the truth. It is only from the lack of discrimination that such a conclusion can be reached. It is not everyone who placards himself or herself as a Madium that can stand a test of what he or she claims. And a person of an enquiring mind may ask the reason why. It is simply that these advisers do not take the trouble to study human nature. They do not spend their thoughts for a moment with acquiring the art of phrenology and kindred branches that will have a tendency to make the pathway to the road of the business clear and devoid of obstacles.

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This subject has received no little attention by eminent men and even college professors. So it proves conclusively that although there are infringers in our midst with "oily tongues," perhaps, the gates of wisdom have not been closed to the entire profession.

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Will straighten your hair beautifully, but not as lasting as Cheveline. It is also excellent for dressing children's hair. Price 50 cents per bottle.

Medicated Hair Grower Is what I used when my hair was thin and falling out on the temples, and I was also turning gray; but Mme. Turner's Medicated Hair Grower stopped it all. Price $1.00 per bottle.

Mme. Turner's Mystic Face Bleach Beats everything I ever used. I used to have black heads, liver spots, freckles and wrinkles. The Bleach and her Medicated Skin Soap have made me about two shades fairer, and gives me a lovely complexion. Mystic Face Bleach, price $1.00 per bottle. Mystic Skin and Scalp Soap, price 25 cents per cake, three cakes for 60 cents. If you take the agency you can earn from $4 to $6 a day. If you straighten your hair with irons, Mme. Turner has the best I ever saw. Send all money by post office order, bank draft or express. No goods C. O. D.

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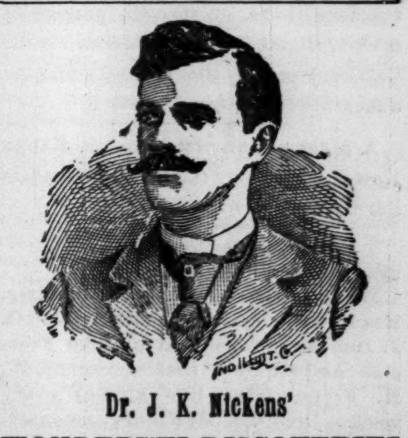

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TO CONTRIBUTORS:

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdots and brief sketches, and in no case will we undertake to return manuscript unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article. We will not pay for matter unless it is ordered. All matter for publication must reach this office by Monday of each week, to insure insertion in the current issue.

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Agents are wanted in every town and city not now occupied, and liberal inducements will be given to the same. Send for our extraordinary inducements to agents.

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THE FREEMAN,

Geo. L. Knox, Pub., Indianapolis, Ind.

SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1896.

MISS WILLIARD, and the Armenian committee, are making strenuous efforts towards making life pleasant for the orphans of Armenia, whose parents lost their lives at the hands of the murderous Turks. It is suggested that some of the money set aside to be spent in the holidays might be contributed towards the end in view. Miss Williard says that one dollar will feed, shelter and care for an orphan a month. In the name of mercy and pity let the dollar go where it is destined to be the largest earthly investment. Brown Brothers & Co., 59 Wall street, New York, are authorized to receive money contributed.

IF the report is true that claims that Maceo and party, the Cuban patriots, were led into an ambuscade, under the pretense of peace negotiations, and massacred, the Spaniards should be quickly called to account. If the facts reported are true, then Cuba is indeed Cuba libre, for it is safe no such proceedings can be carried out with impunity in this hemisphere. With the death of Maceo dies Spanish domination in the Antilles.

PROF. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, President of the Tuskegee Normal, Tuskegee, Ala., will address the McCullough Club at Plymouth church Wednesday evening, Jan. 13, 1897, subject, "Solving the Negro Problem in the Black Belt of the South. Hon. Geo. W. Julian will preside and introduce Mr. Washington.

THE WESTERN OUTLOOK published in San Francisco, Cal., speaks in a hopeful tone of the prospective passage of a Civil Rights Bill in that state. If the Californians feel the necessity of such a measure they ought to have it.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year to our thousands of readers the wide world over.

A Successful Lecture.

Shreveport, La., Special.

Miss Harris, a successful lecturer, was in our city on the 29th, ult. O. J. Dunbar speaks well of The Freeman, and requests that the agent, W. H. Flynn, leave him a copy every week Douglass McKinney, an enterprising young merchant of our city, while in his store trying to procure his subscription for The Freeman, he said: "Yes, leave it every week, for I am going to take every colored paper that comes along." The Fred. Douglass Memorial, Literary and Debating club met Friday evening. After the business of the society had been transacted, the president announced the debate: 'Resolved, That the curse of Noah was not divine." Affirmative, J. R Starks; negative, W. H. Flynn. After a warm discussion on both sides, the judges decided in favor of the negative. The debate will be published in book form for the benefit of the public Leave orders for The Freeman at W. W. Ducan's barber shop Milam street, or at the Advocate office, 519 Louisiana street. Subscriptions taken also.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY J. C. M'ADAMS, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

BEFORE—WHAT HE SAID:

Darling, when the day comes round
I can call thee all my own;
When I learn that we are bound
Flesh of flesh, and bone of bone,
Then my cup will overflow;
Then my heart's desire will be
On thee ever, to bestow
Love throughout eternity.

You shall be my lovely queen,
Flowers on your path I'll spread;
On me you shall ever lean
Your angelic little head.
All the thousands in my hands,
All my wealth and all my money;
All my houses, all my lands
Shall be lavished on my "bunnie."

You shall have your own sweet way,
Soda, taffa and ice cream;
Life shall be one holiday;
You shall drive a spanking team.
When I cease to love thee, dear,
May my tongue forget its cunning;
When my love grows insincere,
May the rivers cease their running.

I to you will prove a tree;
You to me shall be a vine;
I your strong support will be,
As around me you entwine.
That will be a gladsome day,
Happiest moment of my life,
When the clergyman shall say:
"I pronounce you man and wife."

AFTER—WHAT SHE SAID.

You told me before we married,
My pathway with flowers you'd strow;
You told me that I should be carried
Wherever I wanted to go.
You told me you had mines of money,
That I should be treated as a queen;
You told me that your little Bunnie
Should never be treated as mean.

You told me, yes, over and over,
That when we two should be made one,
That we were to live in deep clover
As soon as our union begun.
You told me that never, no never,
Should your love grow languid and cold;
That you would your lifetime endeavor.
To prove that true love ne'er grows old.

But now you're a regular icicle;
You chill the whole room below zero;
You're as sour as the sourest of pickles,
Remind me of heartless old Nero.
But I swallowed down all your story;
Believed every word that you said;
I viewed, with delight, the great glory
That soon was to circle my head.

But now, here I stand disappointed,
Air castles my visions have fled;
Your story is now all unjointed,
And I have some sense in my head
I wish I had stayed with my mother,
For there I had flowers and flour;
Enjoyed the pure love of my brother,
Was happy throughout every hour.

If I had to do this thing over,
And kenw what my heart knows to-day,
I surely would die a sweet "rover,"
For then I'd be happy and gay.
But here I am tied up forever,
With anguish and pain in my heart;
And nothing the tie can dissever
But one thing, "till death us do part."

ALL IS BRIGHT AND RADIANT

WITH PROMISES FOR A GLORIOUS FUTURE—WHAT CHANGES

Would Greet the Aged Mothers Who Are Gone—From Beasts of Burden to American Citizens—Then and Now.

BY HON. JOHN M. LANGSTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Should one of the old worthies of the Negro race, formerly an aged resident of our country, return to the United States, a brief survey of the present condition of his people would fill his heart with wonder and admiration. He would wonder at the change he witnesses. His soul would be filled with admiration at the progress his people have made in everything that respects well ordered conditions of life.

This old worthy had been taught in the early times, how freedom would work the ruin, and finally the utter destruction of all the descendents of his race And he had been impressed with the prevalent belief of his day that the enthralled classes of such race might never hope for a better condition than that to which they seemed, in his time, to have been assigned in permanent enslavement by an inexorable, though benign providence. How could such classes gain personal liberty? How achieve the conditions and blessings of universal freedom? How be given welcome as members and citizens of the body politic of every land where hitherto, so far as this continent is concerned, they had for ages been held and treated as mere beasts of burden and property, without even such personal consideration and treatment, in many localities of their degradation, as generally, would be accorded the faithful and trusted brute.

Humanity and manhood, in the lifetime of the venerable worthy, who now surveys and wonders at the changed and novel condition of his people, were not ascribed to him and them, scarred, peeled and degraded, the American bondman had only the hope of imbruted life, when he preferred even death. This ancient sage of the race, ravished with the vision of the new order of things he beholds, might well feel that neither he nor any of his contemporaries could ever have realized, in practical, ordinary thought or magination, that a change so great, fraught with such rare and rich blessings, could have been accomplished so speedily and so completely. But so it is. And God alone has wrought it! He has wrought this matchless change in the condition of a great, but degraded people in a marvelous, wonderful manner.

However, in connection with the change of his circumstances, is discovered the fact that the freedmen easily forgets the hard things of his former life, in his intelligent, earnest and enthusiastic realization of his freedom and its fruits. Freedom, its blessings and joys, he accepts and appreciates in the full spirit and ardor of his being. And therein he shows his highest and most commanding title to whatever good belongs to any and all men.

If the freedmen do not as yet discover that he understands and appreciates in all their lessons and significance, the responsibilities and duties of his new life, it is because he has not found time, so far, for thought and enlightenment thereupon. However, no one will find him wanting in manly purposes and desires to be and accomplish, as a man and citizen, all that may be imposed and required by the teachings and injunctions of sound morality, genuine philosophy and intelligent patriotism. Such purpose and desire shown in his life and conduct, as well as his professions make certain and sure for him a future which shall be worthy and brilliant. His thirty-five years of endeavor and achievement in freedom, attest too well and surely that he shall yet accomplish, in deed and utterance, in the rugged and severe, as well as the easy and graceful things of the life held in store for him. Rising, rising constantly and ever in every way and manner, in the diversified paths of effort and accomplishment, he gives new evidence at every turn to sustain his claim to capability and power. As he advances this all opposition to his elevation and promotion shall yield to reason and logic, and soon his recognition and treatment shall be, in all respects, those due every man and brother. The wise and commendable behavior of the colored American, in all sections of the Republic, hastens this dawning era of life.

In the late national political campaign, when an emergency of dire portend, seemingly, involving the life, the honor and the glory of our nation was upon us, what admirable conduct the colored American displayed. His behavior here, as in the terrible emergency which confronted the government in 1860-65, was such as became the intelligent, the patriotic and disinterested citizen. He gave in sacred, solemn, earnest purpose, effort and vote, every influence and power which he could command, to save and perpetuate the common weal and glory. Here, certainly, was an opportunity given him to demonstrate his fidelity and devotion to his country and government, when not a single selfish motive or consideration could be attributed to him. How unselfish and praiseworthy is the record which he made for himself and his posterity as indicated, his countrymen shall testify. His solid, effective ballot was cast in every part of the country, for freedom, free principles, the common welfare and the national integrity and honor. So may he ever, in the exercise of his wisdom, courage and patriotism, do his full share to save his country, and protect her against detriment and ruin.

If disinterested loyalty, high moral courage and devotion, with individual and general integrity constitute a just title to popular respect and appreciation, the colored American may advance his claim in such respect, with confidence and assurance. With him the past is already gone, and the present constitutes the nursery of his virtuous and redeeming qualities. Then was all darkness to him. Now is all bright and radiant with promise.

Returned from Africa.

Augusta, Ark., Special.

John McKinney, of Gregory's Point who left last spring for Africa, returned the 1st inst. There were several visiting preachers at St. John's Baptist church Sunday, the 6th inst. Among the number that came were Bros M. Prude, R. E. Mosely, H. S. Taylor, of which Bro. Prude preached an able sermon from the 22d Psalm 1st verse: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

LET THE NEGRO COME FORTH

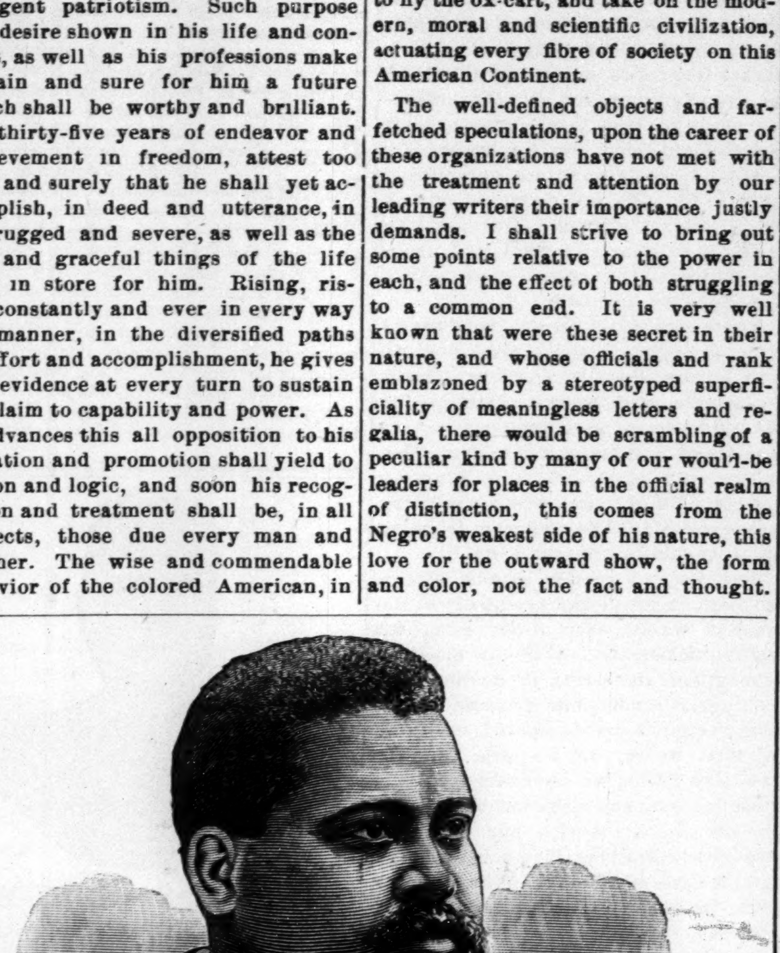
AS A UNIT ALL OVER THE LAND—TWO DIGNIFIED NATIONAL

Organizations Standing for Negro Self-Government, Sobriety and Morality—Grand and Noble Work of the Negro Press.

BY DR. M. A. MAJORS, DECATUR, ILL.

Those words of Fortune to Chase were cast in a golden crucible, and certainly the offsprings of a great mind. I have thought much on these two far-reaching organizations—each sleeping giants, wherein dwells the power of the Negro race—latent power, likened unto the unseen electrical force that compels us to accept new theories, evolved facts, and compulsory upon us to fly the ox-cart, and take on the modern, moral and scientific civilization, actuating every fibre of society on this American Continent.

The well-defined objects and far-fetched speculations, upon the career of these organizations have not met with the treatment and attention by our leading writers their importance justly demands. I shall strive to bring out some points relative to the power in each, and the effect of both struggling to a common end. It is very well known that were these secret in their nature, and whose officials and rank emblazoned by a stereotyped superficiality of meaningless letters and regalia, there would be scrambling of a peculiar kind by many of our would-be leaders for places in the official realm of distinction, this comes from the Negro's weakest side of his nature, this love for the outward show, the form and color, not the fact and thought.



HON. C. H. J. TAYLOR,
Recorder of Deeds, Washington, D. C.

The Negro, like the Caucasian, wants to be a grand chief Mogul of something, as if this gave quality to genealogy, and added greatness to the family tree. The League, not being controlled by rituals and secret hieroglyphics, but by a high and broad system of thought, and governed by the law of mental culture it has hitherto seemed dull to the race whose main ideality is grand highisms and the senior and junior sophistries. The League is supposed, or at least should be made up, and participated in by the brainy men of the race—men who are in secret organizations, but nevertheless broad in their way of thinking and cultivated and refined. We have only two dignified national organizations, and they are the ones we now offer a few words concerning.

We hope no one will take offence when we say they, logically speaking, mean more to the Negro in a worldly way, than the church or any of its attributes. The Negro must be made an intelligent being; he must become familiar with his rights to citizenship. Right living is the only living, poor or rich, less than this is scarcely existing. The race must know what their rights are in every conceivable manner. It has too willingly and erringly accepted the pats and pretty words of our superior functionary in the Caucasian jurisdiction, and accepted, alas! too often the meagre when it deserved the best, and like a dog skulked to a place cut out for the presumable size of a Negro by the limited gratefulness of an office aspirant. Politics is not the tramp and debased hireling it is trumpted up to be. Marcus Hanna is made the greatest figure in America at a time when true patriotism shut out the light from every feature of the majestic march of every other factor of civilization for a time, and Wm. McKinley is chosen to represent American ideas of religion, morality and finance in the highest seat of worldly prominence. Politics is taught, liberty is learned, and rights are resuscitated, and every form of manly grandeur is fostered by the League.

The race must become sober, accept the real, and become imbued with a love only for that which insures right living. The League stands for racial dependence, and serves as an independent factor of manly thought and position on all questions of politics, liberty and law. That the League will yet stand out as our noblest exemplar of race manhood, I firmly believe. In order that its great duties may more generally touch deeply the hearts and minds of the race numerically, and mainly intellectually, it must have all its various committees, men of learning, religion, law and men of accredited standing for moral worth In order that every feature of equal enjoyment in the rights guaranteed by citizenship shall be secure in our body politics, each committee and sub-division should be carefully guarded against the political demagogue, and have on its roll men of experience well known in the high councils of politics, and every one himself able to lecture upon the tenets of Negro self-government and give blackboard lessons in mental, moral and religious geographical lines, well-posted in race development, population, ratio of voters, valuation of property, etc., according to states, congressional districts, county, cities, towns, villages, etc. This is a work, yes good and noble work. There may be some objections to so elaborate usefulness of an organization, and it may be argued that we have very few men capable to perform such minute work, when, in fact, a letter from every county clerk in the states would give us our political and financial standing almost to a man, and especially those who acquire property. There might also be attached a committee on necrology and longevity, sanitation, etc., consisting of Negro physicians.

The Caucasian has only in order, to find out what to him is of financial interest concerning some person, to point to Bradstreet, Dunn, etc. If politics, the abridged records. Here we are hopelessly lost in the first shuffle. No guide, no compass, we just accept a fellow on his card or reference note, and that's the end of it, and this may account for us being so big outside and so minute inside. We have nothing by which to gauge each other's worth or standing. I forget—we have the church and the fellow who can eat the most yellow-legged chicken, and win the favor of the most good-looking sisters is the big mogul of the diggins', and this is the chief glory of the church, when viewed by these persimmon-headed pulpit heelers.

The League will do another good thing; it will teach the Negro that he lives under no compulsion to "lay up" for the other world, but to accumulate treasures in this world because this one comes first, and the more treasures and a proper conception one has of them in this world, the more able he will be to expound in the fulness and delight of his soul, when he is to receive those prepared for him in the sweet bye and bye.

Now what of the Negro Press Association? It has in part performed its office, and because of that, I shall not find it consistent at this writing to dilate upon its tenets. Consisting as it should of the keenest and most far-sighted intellects of the race, there is no reason or excuse for not having accomplished very much. But our editors are not responsible for their seeming lethargy. We have edited two newspapers ourselves, at different times, but like the dwarfed ideas of a great many of our race, our editorial efforts were too sweet to live, and were laid to rest in sweet innocence. The Negro for some reason will not patronize the enterprises of his own race. We spend millions with the other people and then boast that I love my race, and so and so. The Press Association must sway the pulpit, the school room, the bar. It must make itself felt in the land and be a power for good in all it advocates and teaches. Our men lack moral power; the preachers are rapidly losing their jobs, and good, sober teachers are getting the pulpits away from them; this is abundant evidence of development. We must have life, then law to protect life, then property to secure happiness for the life here on earth, then religion to make that life perpetual if not here somewhere else. All this and very much more the Press must teach our people. I am every day encouraged by something I see in print about the race, and made to rejoice for my black blood.

Let the Negro come forth as a unit all over this broad land, and second the actions of the League and the Press Association, and like the German, the Irish, the Jew, yes, even the Italian, will be a people in whose hands the American flag will be magnified.

SCIENCE OF TAXATION

Will Cure Poverty and Lessen Crime—Negro Criminals on the Decrease—Discussion Solicited.

BY F. A. WARREN, MACKINAC ISLAND, MICH.

In sending a word of Christmas greeting and compliments of the holiday season now upon us, and anent the general discussion of topics of the day going on both within and without the race, I would call attention to the alarming increase of crime among members of the white race. I have held for many years that the apparent preponderence of crime in the Negro race as compared to other races, was due to their narrow opportunities for employment. If you would keep a boy out of mischief, furnish him with profitable employment, and as the year of 1896 draws to a close, and we glance over the field of commercial activity, and again over the field of crime, I think the results very strongly bear me out in the deduction that crime is largely induced by idleness and poverty. The daily press of to-day is almost entirely give up to chronicling the misdoings and felonies of men and women who are hard pushed for necessities of life, and indeed recruits of this class of criminals from the "upper class," is by no means rare. Every large city in the country has an ever increasing army of unemployed, and it seems plain that every addition to these armies, furnishes a certain per centage of the class we call criminals.

It was thought that if the election went a certain way and confidence restored, things would brighten up; commercial activity would give employment to the needy, and that a better condition would generally obtain; thus far, however, we are doomed to disappointment, for crime is daily increasing and the demands upon the poor master greater than ever. But, strange as it may seem, it is apparent that nearly all of this increased suffering and crime is confined to the white race. I believe I may assert, without fear of contradiction, that in no community has crime among the Negroes been on the increase, and in any event, by no such proportions as it is the case among the white people; and when we look for a reason for this state of affairs, we find further proof that "idleness and poverty are largely responsible for crime." Is it not a fact that panics and hard times affect our race much less in proportion than they do the white race? Are not our employers, for the most part, the very men that panics cannot reduce to bankruptsy and poverty? Are not by far the greater number of our people employed as waiters, cooks, coachmen and house servants, where they have not only comfortable employment, but plenty to eat? Of course we are not wholly exempt from the ill effects of hard times, for certain it is that our merchants, barbers, mechanics and laborers, and if you please professional men, are all affected by panics; but these, as a rule, are thrifty and generally have a "nest egg" for a rainy day. Hence it is that our members either do not lose their employment during panics, or else are prepared to withstand them; therefore, they are not reduced to abject poverty, nor the alternative of becoming a criminal.

Thus, while during these hard times the Negro shows up to advantage more because of his white brother's misfortune than of his own accrued benefit. I would warn him that if this state of affairs keeps up, and the competition for a bare living becomes, if possible, any keener, that he may find that he will lose his grip on those positions that heretofore many white men would not accept, and that we had presumed were secure to us. We must be conversant with the law of nature and be ready at all times to strike off the shackles that force able bodied men to go hungry, let them be white or black; for if everybody else has plenty of employment, you are sure to have; while on the other hand, if everybody else is barred from God's bounties, you will also be barred. You may ask what can you do to help employ others? I reply to those who thus sincerely ask, to inform yourself of the only science of taxation, the Single Tax. It will free God's bounty to mankind; it will furnish employment to all who want it. It will permit you to support your families. It will abolish the tendency to crime. Yes, it will put a stop to enforced idleness and poverty, and I beg to announce here that any information concerning the same will be cheerfully given and arguments against it are courted by me.

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.

Concluded From First Page.

few, technically called trusts, will be doubtless a matter of controversy in 1900, and there will be little or no difference as to the mischief of such ventures, but grave difference of opinion as to the action that may be competently undertaken by the Government to correct and regulate these abnormal forms of business.

The foreign relations of the country are rapidly becoming more complex by our commercial growth, and the new points of contact that this growth gives to the communities exterior to us, and out of these conditions will spring new policies upon which the parties will divide. Thus, new questions, other than domestic, will be introduced into the next national contest. Conceding ignorance of some of the issues that may be developed four years hence, we know enough to conclude that the campaign of 1900 will be full of interest, will present radical questions for solution, and may bring up for national consideration very momentous and startling problems.

WHERE ARE THE HEATHENS

Concluded From First Page.

holds its doors tightly closed against colored applicants. Many men will appear to be just when in a community which upholds justice, but in a morally infected atmosphere, soon develope a constitutional weakness. When President B. L. Whitman, D. D., succeeded the late Dr. Welling in this institution, his opportunity came to him. A colored clergyman of Washington, who thought he knew Dr. Whitman well, and admired him greatly, was positive that he would bring with his Northern blood and training, a spirit of liberality into his new position; but when put to the test, what? The cool and selfish assurance that the course of the University would in no wise be changed! Protestant learning has joined hands with Protestant Art and Protestant religion to give the lie to our Protestant Declaration of Independence, which is much like heaping straw before the wind. The great Catholic University, however, opens wide its doors, to men,—women have not yet gotten in. The Corcran Art School brutally insulted a colored applicant who had gained admission through the established way of honorable competition, and the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., in assuring a visitor that colored christians were carefully excluded, said that "one colored man got in, but we did not know that he was colored, and we had to just freeze him out." Satan will have his own, and the Y. M. C. A. Building went up in flames. The devoted servant of Christ has since gone somewhere but out of this world.

A few weeks ago Paul Lawrence Dunbar gave an admirable reading from his own poems, in the Universalist church of Washington, called "The Church of Our Father." A most worthy audience greeted the young poet. A second reading is to be given and when the application was made for the same church, the pastor, Dr. Rogers, who has so repeatedly presented Ben Hur to the public, replied that this church would not again admit to its audience room any persons with African blood; that some of its wealthy members had given a good deal of money to the church, and it would not do any thing to alienate them.

Even the Help and Home Mission for the rescue of the young girls, as well as for their assistance, and in which Mrs. La Fetra, so prominent in W. C. T. U. circles is or has been President, reaches out her hand for the salvation of colored girls! What a beautiful example of divine charity and Christian effort if presented by such silly behavior

It is not alone that a few individuals are wronged by such action as these examples present, but the whole spirit of it is contrary to the Republican idea, and it is no light thing to silently imbue the minds of the youth of our land with an illogical bias that they will carry into our whole social and political economy. A man has appeared in Washington armed with apparatus and arguments to prove that this earth is not, after all, a sphere, but that we are occupying a concavity whose edges are turned up like the roof of a Chinese pagoda. We shall probably, however, notwithstanding this astonishing disclosure, traverse this terrestial ball as usual and, until it is proven that we are a tremendous failure, let us believe in and work for the honor and stability of our Government.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE

REMARKABLE SUCCESS OF THE NEGRO IN THE MIMIC WORLD

What Modern Dramatic Tendencies Are Doing for the Race—Vaudeville a Means to an End—The Negro Actor Here to Stay.

BY R. W. THOMPSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The evolution of the modern stage means much to the Afro-American. The transition in popular taste—severe and pedantic critics may call it decadence—has opened an avenue fraught with vast possibilities to the aspiring Negro Thespian. The era of farce comedy, which blossomed into its full glory a few years ago under the benign influence of Hoyt, gave a long-waited opportunity to many bright, but obscure white actors, and they rose to fame almost at a single bound. The same appeal to the American love of natural humor and unstilted comedy has resulted in bringing to the fore in modern theatricals the colored actor, and as the seed of legitimate vaudeville, planted a year ago in a small way by Mestayer's "Pullman Palace Car" and "Salsbury's Troubadours" sprouted advantageously to the Caucasian aspirant, so the early entering wedge of Callender, with his famous "Georgia Minstrels" opened an avenue for Negro talent that to-day almost amazes the conservative studen of popular tendencies by its breath and indisputable permanency. Where such sterling old-time comedians as Sam Lucas, Tom McIntosh and Billy Kersands twenty years ago stood practically alone, and within the past decade the noted singers embraced few besides Sissieretta Jones, Marie Selika and Flora Batson, and the enumerator of eminent dramatic readers stopped after naming Henrietta Vinton-Davis and Ednorah Nahar, the field to-day is rich in talent, and the store of possibilities seems inexhaustible. Every city and town in the country is contributing alike to the grand total.

It is a fact, freely confessed by managers and proprietors of theaters, that during the present season the "straight Negro" companies and dramas in which Negro life was prominently featured have been the best paying investments. When tragedy, society drama and grand opera, interpreted by standard artists, have been greeted by audiences scarcely respectable in size, the Negro companies have struck the popular chord and have turned away crowds nightly in some of the largest houses in the land. Men, who have projected Negro enterprises on a large scale, are making fortunes and being shrewd enough, also, to understand that public taste is a fickle jade, are taking the tide at its flood, as well as coining, winning ideas for future exploitation.

The rigid moralist will, at first glance, incline to skepticism that the race reaps any great measure of benefit from this entrance into the theatrical arena. He will say that our people are cast in melo-drama for the lowest parts, that they mimic phases of Negro life that we are anxious to forget, that the delineators themselves are of objectionable reputation, and that the whole system is demoralizing rather than elevating.

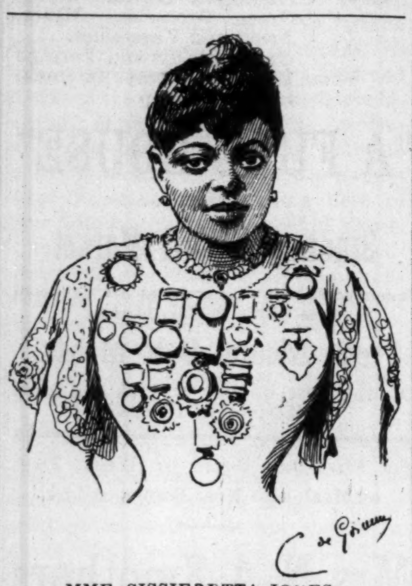
R. W. THOMPSON.

Let us study this thing out a bit. Having no personal or pecuniary interest in any venture to protect, the writer feels that he can be fair to both sides, and as further emphasis yields to none in the respect due to the views and, perhaps, prejudices, of a very numerous, influential and highly conscientious class of persons who disapprove of theatrical entertainments in any form. The writer is not here to make a studied defense or draw any conclusions not justified by the facts as they present themselves. The drama, as an early institution, was designed both for instruction and amusement. It has been sanctioned by the best educational and social influences from the days of the original Greek plays and Olympian fetes, through various gradations of type and sentiment to the present era, and from the immense capital invested to-day in magnificent Thespian temples, liberal salaries paid to leading artists, the rapidly augmenting ranks of performers, and the generous patronage bestowed by a discriminating public, it seems that the drama is here to stay. Human nature has not changed since the sages counseled man to know himself, or advised that the "Proper study for mankind is man," and Shakespeare's sublime adjuration to the actor, "To hold the mirror up to nature as it were," has fallen in fertile soil.

The same moralist will hasten to say, this is very well as far as it goes, but vaudeville and spectacular "hodge-podge" is not drama. The same superficial student would tell us that the acorn is not a tree, but the scientist will hasten to say that under favorable conditions, it will be. If the writer could, for a moment, take a trip to the "Bowery," he would be tempted to exclaim, "see!"

The Negro actor began at the most logical point—the bottom. Booth and Jefferson started their brilliant careers as black-face comedians, "Nat" Goodwin was a "song-and-dance-man" the popular Henry E. Dixey was initiated as the hind legs of a mock donkey, and Lillian Russell advanced from the rear line of chorus girls. The Negro is coming through the same processes of evolution, and the present mania for vaudeville is proving a splendid means to an end. It is a broad stepping stone, and from the numbers crowding in over it, some precious metal will surely be assayed for higher uses. In other days a sporadic effort was made to begin at the top, and several bright readers gave very creditable interpretation of Shakesperian roles. A public mind, however educated to the standards set by Booth, McCullough and Barrett, will not accept mediocrity and the Negro in common with scores of white "lights," unable to measure up the inevitable comparison, failed to secure a serious hearing. Any pretentious venture of that kind, however desirable as a private study for clubs and circles, would meet with instant financial disaster. The Negro's capacity for high class work has been amply demonstrated, but the public digestion is not yet equal to absorbing him in Shakesperian or romantic form.

The Afro-American actor is rising. His development is natural, and the fittest are destined to survive. From the ancient minstrel semi-circle, where mouth-stretching and lung-bursting vocal gymnastics were the best passports to fame, the plunger Haverly and the plucky Cleveland a few years ago materially advanced the standard. The rush of "War plays" and melodramas illustrative of southern life required realism, and enterprising managers brought the genuine Negro into service with such excellent results that the "Down in Dixies," minus the pickanniny band and mellow choruses would be anomalies Servants and Negro speaking parts in such dramas are given over to the real article. A Chicago syndicate not long ago conceived the idea that an Afro-American variety and burlesque organization would be a "go," and the great success achieved by Sam T. Jack's "Creoles" was the theatrical sensation. Jack was copied and improved upon; his best people



MME. SISSIERETTA JONES.
The star of "Black Patti" Troubadours.

were gradually enticed away by better offers. The leading minstrels put on a Negro first-part feature, the white vaudeville companies added colored artists, and the stereotyped conception of the Negro as a broad humorist "buck" dancer and vociferous singer was carried almost to its limit. It was left for John W. Isham, a previously unknown theatrial quantity, to discover the capabilities and drawing power of the "New Negro." With just a leavening of low comedy, Mr. Isham constructed a composite musical extravaganza, clean, crisp, and up-to-date, abounding in popular music, and climaxing with a series of the finest operatic gems from such eminent masters as Verdi, Donizetti, Offenbach, Gounod, Balfe, Von Suppe and Mascagni. He scoured the country, and drew together the most representative aggregation of colored artists yet developed, costumed them richly in eliminated "tights," spared no expense in scenic effects, eschewed the plantation idea of the Negro, and painted him as he has grown to be. As a result, Mr. Isham's three companies are the best paying investments of the season. A hundred or more Negro artists are earning good salaries, and gaining valuable expe ience in stage-craft. They are playing to the best people, white and colored, and are surprising the most captious critics by their finished performance. Mr. Isham, while benefiting himself, is doing a valuable work in advertising the possibilities of the Negro, and aiding him to reach and convince an element hitherto inaccessible. Adventurous spirits like Isham are causing two blades of grass to grow in many places where but one grew before.

It is in these signs of constant evolution, this steady advance from mile-stone to mile-stone, this gradual disintegration of senceless traditions, that our hope of a still brighter era is based. Just as Irving, Daly and Frohman are fifty years ahead of even the Davenport and Wallack school of stage-managers, just as Isham and his contemporaries are fifty years ahead of Callender so will another decade witness a transformation not less startling than these men have produced. "There is nothing new under the sun," says Solomon. One invention is the outgrowth of another—one manager of theatricals merely elaborates and improves the features of another—so that an endless panorama is ever unfolding to our vision.

The vaudeville entertainment will hold a place as long as people must be amused and are willing to pay for it, but it will not, in the nature of things, remain the fad it is to-day. Taste runs in cycles. Everything has its hour, and gives way to the next sensation. The Negro's chance for survival comes in his talent for versatility, to his ready adaption to the duty required. The legitimate outcome of this rise in the profession will be better salaries for the deserving, a higher personal esteem, and an increased dignity to the calling itself. There has always been a feeling among many people that the social standing of "actor folks" must necessarily be open to question. This notion has been as general among the whites with regard to their histronic exponents as it is with us. The present development of the race in stage-life demonstrates, to the writer's satisfaction, that no iron-clad rule can be established for universal application. Theatrical people are not radically different from other varieties. They are subject to the same conditions found in private life, and while particular environments and circumstances may differ, the individual of high moral instincts will just as readily preserve them "on the road" as in the home city. Men and women of unimpeachable character and high standing are enrolled in traveling companies, or are filling concert dates. Professional association is a purely business matter and personal friendships are wholly under the control of the parties concerned. Social standing with them is altogether a question of disposition, habits, acquaintance with controlling forces in cities visited, and has no primary relation to the moral of the drama considered ethically. These minor phases, though harped upon with more or less persistence, can safely be left to take care of themselves, according to individual preferences.

We are outgrowing the concert outlet, and our best readers and those who follow them will not have cultivated their talents in vain. In our ranks, crude, to be sure, are the same germs of greatness which favorable circumstances have created the Booths, Barretts and Keenes, the Andersons, Nethersoles and Marlowes, the Melbas, Eames and Nordicas—the stellar lights of the upper theatrical world. A step, well taken, emboldens a child to sturdier efforts. Past and present achievements with Negro artists are fore-runners to still more pretentious experiments. We are in a period of transition. The harvest but awaits the husbandman. A few years wil see our embryo actors accepted seriously by the scoffers of to-day. This preliminary schooling in light comedy, inducing the habit of character study, will eventually make the Negro a factor in all the forms of drama—romantic society and sensational Opera companies, grand and comic will come in their season, and time will yet produce the modern successor to the toga so grandly worn by Ira Aldridge. The stage must be reckoned with by philosophers and sociologists as a fixture in the equation of civilized insitutions. It cannot and ought not to be eradicated. The wise man will bend his energies towards its elevation.

WILLIAM CARTER,

Prop'r. and Man'g'r. of Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra.

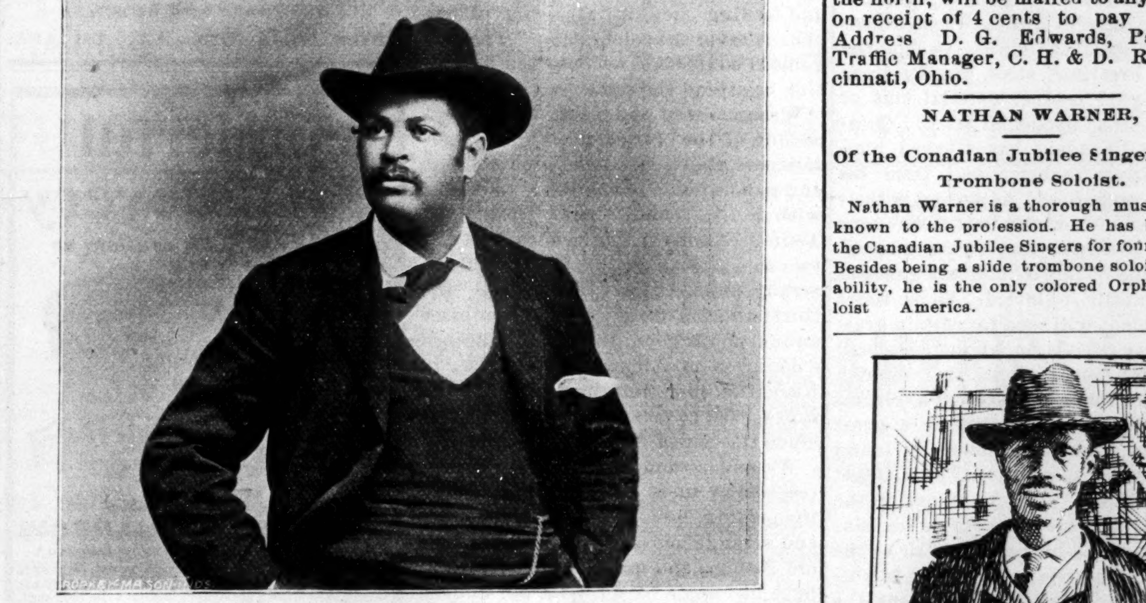
William Carter, proprietor and manager of the Famous Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra, a company of eleven artists, at present touring the Eastern States. Eighteen years ago Mr. Carter, then a young man of 20 years of age, organized this company, after traveling eight seasons in his native country (Canada), he decided to make a European tour, and after five successful years in England Ireland and Wales, he returned and has since been with us under the Stars and Stripes.

MISS FANNIE STEWART,
Soprano Soloist Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra.

MME. SISSIERETTA JONES,

Of the Black Patti Troubadours, is An Accomplished Humorist.

Black Patti is now in her twenty-sixth year. In addition to being a celebrated prima donna she is an accommplished humorist. She speaks several languages as fluently as she sings English. She has an extensive repertoire of vocal numbers, comprising over 500 selections, ranging from the simple plantation ballad to the most classical grand opera arias.



WILLIAM WARNER,
Proprietor and Manager Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra.

JAMES E. LIGHTFOOT,
With Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra.

MISS FANNIE STEWART,

Soprano Soloist, with The Canadian Jubilee Singers

Miss Fannie Stewart was born in Windsor, Ontario, Canada. She has been with the famous Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra five seasons, holding the position of soprano soloist. She has a voice of rare quality, and never fails to please the audience.

JOHN VERNON CARTER,

Tenor Soloist, with The Canadian Jubilee Singers.

Mr. J. V. Carter was born in Hamilton, Ont. Canada. He is a promising young tenor singer and is making his way towards the front as a soloist. He has been with the famous Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra for five seasons; besides being a vocalist he is also a flute soloist.

JAMES E. LIGHTFOOT,

The Original Boy Basso, with The Canadian Jubilee Singers.

"Jimmie" Lightfoot, the Original Boy Basso, was born in the city of Hamilton, Ontaria, Canada; at the age of eighteen he made his first bow as a professional, with the Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra, in which company he still holds the position of basso soloist and leader of orchestra. He is also in the front rank as a mandolin soloist.

ORIGIN, GROWTH AND WORTH

Of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows in America—Its Great Moral and Benevolent Worth.

BY M. V. P., CHAS. H. BROOKS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On the 1st day of March, 1843, the first regular constituted lodge of the United Order was established in America It was set apart by Past Grand Master, Peter Ogden, in the city of New York. The lodge was composed exclusively of colored men. It was the old Philomathean Institute transformed into an Odd Fellows' lodge, and styled "Philomathean Lodge No. 646." The warrant to open this lodge was granted by Victoria Lodge No. 448, at Liverpool, Eng., and issued by the Committee of Management, then at Leeds, Eng. Ogden was steward of the ship "Patrick Henry," sailing between New York and Liverpool, and a member of Lodge No. 448. Through his recommendation the warrant was granted, and a bond of union established between the white lodges of England and the colored lodges of America, that has continued uninterrupted from that day unto this day, and we trust its hall continue till time shall be no more.

As to the origin of the order in England, we have only to say that it is the parent organization of all Odd Fellows upon the face of the globe. The Independent Order Manchester Unity, seceded from our order in 1813, and established the Independent Order in America in 1819, which in turn, seceded from their parent in 1843, and declared themselves "the only fountain and depository of Independent Odd Fellowship on the globe." Such monumental gall is worthy of a place in history.

Only one lodge was established in 1843. In 1844, five lodges were established; in 1845, five; in 1846, ten; 1847, four; 1848, five; 1849, two; 1850, four; 1851, two; 1852, five. The first ten years there were only forty-three lodges established. From 1853 to 1863 there were thirty-two more established. Nearly all of these were in the North. Very few lodges were opened from 1861 to 1865. But with slavery abolished, the order spread rapidly South and West, and from the year 1865 to 1875, two hundred and thirty-five new lodges were established. During the next fifteen years, 1,255 more lodges were opened. From 1890 to the present day, there have been opened 850 more lodges. Whole number of lodges in America, 2.410. This does not include 1,100 female branches, 265 Councils and Patriarchies opened since the year 1844. The order grew so rapidly during the '70's that it became difficult to govern all the branches from one central point, so state Grand Lodges were established in 1880, with jurisdiction over the lodges in the respective states. There are now thirty-six Grand Lodges; but every grand lodge and subordinate branch are subject to the laws of the B. M. C, and orders of the S. C. M.—the highest legislative and judicial bodies in America. The growth of Odd Fellowship has been phenomenal. Every state and territory in the Union, besides Canada, Central and South America; the Danish, French, English and Spanish Islands have received warrants from our board. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Danes, Indians, Chinese and Afro-Americans are included among its vast membership. The latter, of course, predominating. Next to its magnitude is the remarkable harmony and unity that characterize its operation. No division and sub division have ever marred the beauty of this grand organization. No bickering and contention have ever retarded the growth of that fraternal fellowship with which our fathers annointed the order over fifty years ago. What a grand and inspiring thought, that amidst all the revolutions of the century which have divided churches, encouraged violent sectarianism, reared up new societies which soon destroyed themselves by internal strife, gave birth to new political parties, fostered unions and labor organizations to the industrial detriment of our race; sought to destroy the confidence of the Negro in the ability of his leaders, and to array class against class; Odd Fellowship, the living monument of the capacity of the American Negro, has gone steadily on with majestic strides, over every opposition, and planted its banner on every hilltop and in every valley of this broad land. In its work of benevolence and charity it has no equal. In developing the latent powers of the young men and cementing the race, it is the acknowledged and incomparable leader.

How shall we estimate the worth of Odd Fellawship? Its wealth in realty and lodge paraphernalia, as per last reports from all branches, was found to be $1,867,597.94. Its worth can not be estimated. Our order has expended over three million dollars for the relief of sick and distressed brothers, widows and orphans in the past fifteen years. Last year 16,197 reliefs were granted, and 1,434 persons were buried; $294,824.29 were paid out for relief and burials during the year beginning August 1, '95, and ending July 31, '96. Think of the amount of suffering and destitution this vast sum assayed, and then estimate if

J. VERNON CARTER,
With Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra

you can the worth of Odd Fellowship to the cause of benevolence. Its value to society and government can scarcely be over estimated. Does it not teach the lesson of purest morality, honesty and sobrie y? Yea, it also teaches us to be faithful to our rules and loyal to our country; to avoid turbulent measures, and to submit with respect. to the decisions of the legislative power. It is then, surely, of inestimable value to any community or state, to have under its power and jurisdiction, a body of men who are loyal subjects, patrons o science and friends of mankind. Why multiply facts to show the proud eminence of the order. An association that has attained such vast proportions, under adverse circumstances, with an annual revenue of $600,000 increasing rapidly each year in wealth and members, may well be proud—not of the rank and position these elements of strength may bring, but of the opportunities that are thus brought within its reach of accomplishing the great object of its existence—the relief of human suffering and the advancement of the human race. The worth of the order can not be estimated. To say that a quarter of a million dollars was expended last year for the assistance of those in need, and that nearly two million of dollars have been accumulated in cash and property, might give some tangible evidence of the worth of Odd Fellowship. But a still greater worth remains untabulated in the silent and unobtrucive influence exerted on society through the operations of our three thousand subordinate branches, wherein, week after week, through all the year, are taught those lessons of morality, charity and fraternity, which our 150,000 members carry into practicle effect in their intercourse with each other and the world at large.

A Michigan Romance.

An interesting story by Stanley Waterloo; also containing valuable information about the summer restors in the north, will be mailed to any add ess on receipt of 4 cents to pay postage. Addre-s D. G. Edwards, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. H. & D. Ry. Cincinnati, Ohio.

NATHAN WARNER,

Of the Conadian Jubilee Singers, Slide Trombone Soloist.

Nathan Warner is a thorough musician well known to the profession. He has been with the Canadian Jubilee Singers for four seasons. Besides being a slide trombone soloist of rare ability, he is the only colored Orpheclide soloist America.

NATHAN WARNER,
With Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra

"TRAVELING OLD MAIDS."

BY DUDLEY OGLESBY, CHICAGO, ILL.

A traveling old maid
Had traveled and went astray,
Had landed in Chicago,
The worse place she could have strayed.

One day she stopped to study
And said, of all these days she muttered
My best days, yes have past,
My visit to Chicago, yes it was the last.

Young girls I will teach you a lesson,
A lesson you will never regret,
Be very careful not to let,
A Chicago man call you pet.

Sam T. Jack's Creoles are in Harlem, N. Y. this week.

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Blind Boone Concert Company are touring Texas this week.

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Isham's Octoroons, No. 1, are at Stamford, Conn., this week.

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Ben Hunn is with the new Georgia Minstrels and Jubilee Singers.

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The Georgia Graduates are billed to appear at Spokane, Wash., Dec. 19.

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South Before the War is playing to good business through Michigan this week.

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Darkest America turned people away during their engagement at Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Darkest America is in Bridgeport, Conn., this week, playing to excellent business.

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Isham's Oriental America Co,, are playing to fine business at Louisville, Ky., this week.

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J. C. Payne, the Pacific Coast baritone singer joined Lew Johnson's Refined Minstrels Dec. 1.

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Isham's Oriental America Co., are booked at the Empire Theatre, Indianapolis, New Year s week.

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Jalvan, the juggler, and Mlle. DeMarco, are with the new Georgia Minstrels and Jubilee Singers.

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Sam T. Jack's Creoles appeared last week to well pleased audiences at London Theatre, New York City.

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Isham's Octoroons, No. 2, are at the London Theatre, New York City, this week, playing to good business.

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The Black Patti Troubadours are playing to excellent business at the Star Theatre, Cincinnati, this week.

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The Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra continue singing before large and appreciative audiences in the East.

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Lew Johnson's Refined Minstrels continue playing to good business through California. Everybody seems to be in fine spirits.

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Richard & Pringle's Georgia Minstrels, headed by the "Only" Billy Kersands, are packing the theatre nightly, at New Orleans, La., this week.

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The "Plunger" Quartette, Goodall, Floyd, Dunnigon and Dixon, of Indianapolis, joined South Before the War Co,, at New Albany, Ind. last week.

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Billy and Cordelia McClain's sketch, with th Trilby opening, followed by comedy and sin ing are earning hearty applause with Sam T Jack's Creoles.

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Rufus Scott, a former member of the Standard Quartette, of South Before the War Co, very ill, with lung trouble, at his home Indianapolis, Ind.

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Williams & Walker are proving themselves to be clever comedy entertainers, and are accorded well merited approval at Proctor's Theatre, New York City.

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"When Miss Maria Johnson Marries Me," written by Williams & Walker, is being sung with much success by Tom McIntosh, Billy Farrell and Lew Dockstader.

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The Georgia Minstrels and Jubilee Singers opened their season at Nyack, N. Y., last week. The company is composed of thirty colored performers and a brass band of twelve pieces.

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Bob Cole, producer and stage manager, with Black Patti Troubadours, is preparing a comic opera, entitled: "King Eat 'Em-All," which will be produced by Mme. Jones and the Troubadours next season.

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Hughes & Barton, Joe and Sadie Behman, James Sisters, Billy Weston and wife. William Briscoe, Helen Scott, Wm. Dill, Bones Bros. and Larkins are among the members of the new Georgia Minstrels and Jubilee Singers.

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The Black Patti Troubadours will appear at Empire Theatre, Indianapolis, week commencing Dec. 21. Among the prominent members of the company are: Mme. Jones, Lloyd Gibbs, Billy Johnson, Bob Cole, Goggins & Davis, Cole Grant, Henry R. Wise, Camille Casselle, Lena Wise, Kingsbury & Cousins and Stella Wiley, they are receiving full recognition from the audiences.

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Sam T. Jack's Creoles are doing a phenomenal business in the East. The show is opened by a miniature opera "H. M. S. Pinafore," which is handsomely staged and well acted and sung by Mlle. Cordelia as Josephine, May Bohee as Buttercup, Doc Sayles as Sir Joseph Porter, and Jas. R. Rivers, Sherman Coates, Grace Sizemore, Maggie Scott, Annie Beauford Birdie Allen, Zoe Ball and chorus.

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Al Reeves and his Big Show played their first New York engagement at the 3rd Avenue Theatre, New York City, week of Dec. 7, t fine audiences. This strong double show of white and colored performers scored an immediate success, and applause and laughter continued throughout the entire program. The transformation scene to the colored entertainment gives rise to a rousing medley in fine harmony, followed by a series of solos, choruses, funny dialogues and imitations by Wesley Norris, Corinne Norris, Renia Norris, Ida Washington, Hattie Steele, Sadie Britton, Jas. Crosby. Whily Sisters, and the Great American Quartette. A funny cake walk, led by John Crosby, concludes the act.

All About Texas.

If you wish to receive a 200 page handsomely illustrated book telling all about Texas and her advantages, send seven cents postage to B. J. Price, A. G. P. A., I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Tex., and the book will be sent to you by return mail. Texas is now attracting a great number of settlers by reason of her cheap lands and mild climate. You will not regret the amount. When writin mention this paper.

COLORED MAN FOR CABINET

HIS ABILITY AND NOBLE CHARACTER EMINENTLY FITS HIM

For the Position—Colored Club Organized to Defeat Negro Aspirants—The Post Takes a Hand—Discussion Pro and Con.

HON. C. H. J. TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The mischievous editorial writer of The Post has again started the Negro brethren of the United States to talking. It will be remembered that at the opening of the long session of the 54th Congress this paper started the Negroes of the country in quest of a position as Chaplain of the House of Representatives. It is reliably reported that not only did most of the prominent Negro preachers of the country apply for the position, but a number of prominent Negro politicians, more familiar with a deck of cards than a prayer book, became preachers in order to be qualified candidates for the position. First Monday in December, 1895, arrived on schedule time, and with it a sufficient number of Negro candidates for chaplain to fill the rotunda and gallery of the House of Representatives. After all the fighting, button-holing, persuading and tearful appeals, only two votes were polled for a Negro applicant. One of these were cast by an ex-Confederate from Virginia.

Column after column of the Post was devoted to this canvass; petition after petition was filed in the black man's favor; the members of the House, however, ended the matter by selecting a blind man to pray for them. Both the Senate and the House have the distinction of blind chaplains. This is the first time in the history of the government that this has been true. Rev. W. H. Milburn, a blind man, is chaplain of Senate, and Rev. H. M. Couden, a blind man, is chaplain of the House.

There has been some discussion as to why this is true; some say that it is because the law-makers' deeds are such that they want a man to pray for them who can not see; others say that they are not surprised that this Congress has done nothing, and has so often fallen into trouble, for when the blind lead, they who follow must fall into the ditch. They who talk this way are evil minded, because to my certain knowledge there are more holy members in this Congress than in any preceding it. I do not give this as a reason why no colored man was elected chaplain.

Remaining consistent with its record, the Post again starts the colored brother after an "ignus fatus" in the form of a Cabinet position. The only reason for noticing what is said about a colored man for the Cabinet, is the amusing features. Already the colored brethren have taken hold, and the subject in its discussion, pro and con, is taxing mightily the vocabularies of the best stocked libraries in the land. The Post takes the position that the Negro vote in its usefulness to the Republican party in the just closed campaign, merits a Cabinet position. The Post has not said that the Negro voters will be given a Cabinet position, nor has the Post said that it desires that Mr. McKinley shall do this. This paper simply states what it believes would be justice to the black voters. In making this statement, the Post named two gentlemen whose character and fitness are all that a Cabinet position, Secretary of Agriculture, needs. Instead of members of the race appreciating the fact that a large and influential paper issued daily at the Capital is bold enough to state the truth as to what the Negro merits, and as to having the men for the position, many of them fly into a rage and file objection after objection. It is the first time in the history of the werld, when members of a race are found objecting to agitation and argument in favor of giving their race advanced recognition, especially when the argument and agitation comes from members of a race who will lose the position given.

Here in Washington a Negro club has been organized for the purpose of keeping a Negro out of the Cabinet—either the jails or the lunatic asylums need enlargement.

The question of competency is constantly being raised by some Negro. When the question of competency is not raised, then want of prominence is urged, and if this does not render ineligible the Negro, the final reason given by the Negro why no black man should be given a Cabinet port-folio, is the social condition in this country.

The Post, a paper owned and edited by white men, did not see fit to even mention this last objection; it was left for the Negro to come forward and admit that he is not good enough to mingle with white people on social equality. The Negro is undoubtedly in many respects a "snob." The names of one hundred Negroes in the United States can be given that would reflect honor upon any circle in this country. Facts are facts. More than one hundred Negroes are to be found in the United States who lead pure lives, who have more education and whose personal appearance are better than at least four cabinet officers, whose personal acquaintance I have enjoyed in the last sixteen years. If in the hundred colored men named there be one who cannot solve a problem in long division, it would make no difference, for there has been more than one Cabinet officer in this country that could not do this, and at least one President who could not solve a problem in subtraction, where the minuend contained more than five figures. What of it? A Cabinet officer has clerks to do the detail work of his department. While the Cabinet officers in mind may not have had sufficent education to pass an examination meriting any kind of a certificate to teach a graded school, they did have ability enough to carry their respective states for the man appointing them. If not this, they were on hand with the "sinews of war" in sufficient quantity to make it "blocks of five" or the "unknown wanderers" sometimes called "floaters," show up at the right time and in the right place. All this talk about a Cabinet officer is ridiculous any way. One of the certain signs of unfitness for a Cabinet position is the fact that it is sought after by filing an application or having any one ask the President to appoint you. The Cabinet is the closest sort of a relation to our President. The selection of the men are left entirely to him. Not more than once in the history of this country has a man nominated for a Cabinet position been rejected, and that was an error. Indeed, if the President should assume the responsibility of appointing to the heads of each department of the government one of his sons, I doubt much the justice that would allow the Senate to reject them.

The President is elected by the people and upon a platform with which they are acquainted. He is answerable to them for the conduct of the Executive part of the government, and the Cabinet officers are each expected to the extent of their ability, to reflect his views, and do precisely what he would do, if he were actually acting. This is well settled, so much so that everything issuing from any department like an appointment, is in the name of the President, when really as a matter of fact he may have never heard of the applicant much less know of the appointment.

The President takes about four months from the time he is elected to make up his mind as to what men of his acquaintance, throughout the United States, in temperament, ability, character and everything else, are best calculated to do those things which he believes to be best for the country, as well as those things which he feels himself, by his oath of office, and by his party-in-convention pledges, as seen in the platform, bound to do.

There are many things in the mind of a President, that he may not tell to any one, unless it be to some one in whose care he would trust his life. The ideal cabinet is of this kind of material: Men who would die for the President, if need be, certainly men in whose hands he could trust his honor, his life. The President finds cabinet making no easy task. He must see to it that the men he selects are willing to sacrifice all for him should an emergency arise, and not be men who would be intriguing, scheming and inculcating plans to succeed him as President. He must not have a man in his cabinet, who will have any ambition beyond helping to make the administration a success. The proprieties to some extent have been allowed to be violated. Often, delegations visit the President elect, urging upon him as a good cabinet material this or that man of a particular state. Occasionally a President has allowed himself to listen to them, and from his high Advisory Board, according to their wishes—wherever this has been done there has as a rule, been a want of harmony in the Cabinet and resignations have naturally followed. Some times the President will send for certain great men, party friends, in whose judgement he has confidence, and ask their opinion about the wisdom of selecting a certain man for his Cabinet. This is a great concession when a President is found who is willing to do this. The Cabinet belongs to the President and not to the country. Its personnel should be considered as much his private affair as the selection of a wife. One thing is fortunate Major McKinley is about the best equipped Republican ever elected President. He knows the country and the men in it. Should he desire a gentleman in his Cabinet whose unselfish friendship he enjoys, he will not hesitate to name him because he may be swarthy in complexion. The other members of his Cabinet will not object, for their only concern is to please Mr. McKinley to whose account will be charged the success or the failure of the administration.

The talk of a colored man for a Cabinet position is not at all out of place not because he is colored, but in spite of his being colored, I make no argument to Mr. McKinley in favor of appointing a colored man or a white man, for as pointed out, his Cabinet is his own private affair. If, however, one of his most devoted friends, who in every way is highly fitted to help him give the country what he desires, the fact of that friend, being a Negro or a Spaniard shall not keep him out of the Cabinet. The Negro in ability and character is eligible for the Cabinet and with the exception of Secretary of the Treasury and Attorney General would be ready to begin active service in twenty-four hours after appointment. The Negro appointed need never have held public office before and will be less qualified if presented by "ward heelers" and hired contingent.

A sound rule to follow is to appoint not a man into the Cabinet that applies for it. Such a man has a scheme to put through, which may ruin the administration. There are many places to which men can be appointed who happen to be colored outside of the Cabinet, the effect of which would be far-reaching in proving that the Republican party is willing to subscribe to the doctrine. The Negro is an American citizen without prefix or suffix. Places like Judges of a few of the Federal Courts, U. S. District Attorney-ships, Envoy Extraordinaries to white governments. Mr. McKinley is a brave man, better than all he is a christian and we can without trembling trust our case in his hands. For my country and my race.

METHODISM IN TENNESSEE.

Since its Organization in '63, Rapid Strides Have Been Made—A Celebration to be Held in '97.

BY REV. B. A. J. NIXON, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

Before the roar of the cannon had ceased, before the smoke of battle had died away and settled on the distant horizon, before the two contending armies, one dressed in blue, the other in gray, had ceased to make old earth tremble with their tramp; aye, before the fire had died out on tented field and beneath leaden hail, Bishop Ward moved Westward to the golden shore; Bishop Wayman Southward, to the rice fields of the Carolina's, crying, "I seek my people;" and Payne to Kentucky and Tennessee. These revered prelates of precious memory threw to the winds the banner of African Methodism in this Southland in the sixties.

Bishops Ward, Payne and Wayman have joined the silent majority beyond the river, but their mantles have fallen on other able shoulders, and the spirits of Ward, Payne and Wayman are still in the church, and the principles for which they contended still live. In 1863, in the house of Rev. L. N. Merry, on Pearl street, in Nashville, Bishop Payne organized the A. M. E. church in Tennessee with seven persons, all of whom have passed away save two, and on the second Sunday in August, 1867, the Tennessee conference was set apart and now for twenty-nine years and more she has been making wonderful strides, until she has taken her place among the giant conferences of Methodism.

About a year ago it occurred to us that the ministers, members and friends of the A. M. E. church ought to hold some kind of celebration in 1897, commemorative of the organization of the Tennessee annual conference, since we are to have a centennial and an international exposition in our state just thirty years after the event above referred to. We submitted our ideas to some of the leading men of our conference; they approved it and appointed us general agitator of the same. The West Tennessee conference favored the idea and appointed men to assist in formulating the plans. Bishop M. B. Salters says it must be done, and leading men in all parts of our church favor the celebration. The last general conference accepted an invitation to attend the same.

We submitted the same to the last session of the Tennessee annual conference; the conference endorsed it and appointed a committee to confer with a like committee of the West Tennessee annual conference, and the two committees to make all necessary arrangements for celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the Tennessee annual conference, and the holding of a congress of African Methodism, in Nashville, sometime in next year. It is designed to make the celebration include the Ninth Episcopal district.

We understand that these committees are to meet in Nashville during the coming holidays to perfect plans and arrangements. Nearly all of the old Bishops and many of the new ones have had much to do with our church in this state, as well as many of the leading ministers, now scattered in all parts of our church.

Sketches of the lives of these and an account of thrilling incidents that transpired in the day of small things, would form no mean part of the great occasion proposed. We invite bishops and ministers who figured in the promulgation of the principles of African Methodism in Tennessee at any time, to write about the same and send us. We hope that presiding elders and pastors will gather up all historical facts and important data, so that we may use them at our congress.

Pertinent Paragraphs.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Special.

Mrs. L. H. Lewis has returned home after a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. Charles Clanton, in Adrain. Miss Kate Symons has returned from Grand Rapids. Those on the sick list are George Stafford, Lucy Miller, Melvin Hackley, Addie Robinson and William Jackson. Communion was held at the Second Baptist church Sunday morning. Mrs. Myrtle Phillips, Della White, Francis Bishop and Ardella Stewart gave an entertainment at the A. M. E. church Dec. 11th. Miss Eva Cooper, of Washington, Pa., is visiting her parents.

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NEGRO'S PATH A THORNY ONE

AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY IS HYPOCRITICAL AND COWARDLY

The Negro is Attracting Much Attention in the Soical, Intellectual and Industrial World—Negro Youths Discouraged.

BY REV. R. C. RANSOM, CHICAGO, ILL.

During all the years of his sojourn here, the Negro has figured very conspicuously in American life. He has been the target for a great many missiles, political, social, religious and otherwise. A great many fads have spent their forces upon him. We have been lately informed that a great mistake had been made in the Negro's education; that those who, in the early years of his citizenship, sought to train him for its high duties and responsibilities, made an almost fatal mistake by beginning with the cultivation of his mind. Some very wise and philanthropic people have discovered that what he really needs is industrial education—the traning of the hand rather than of the head. While through this system the unhappy problem of his life is sought to be solved, and while the work of his training is proceeding smoothly along, he has suddenly attracted attention in the higher intellectual centers and is being made a subject for sociological study by some of our leading American colleges. It is well indeed that all of the facts of the Negro's social condition should be known, but while this is being done the causes that produce the unhappy phases of his life should be altered. We have nothing but contempt for the enlightened white people who are being continually exercised and shaken with alarm over the Negro's immorality and the tone of his social life and material condition; while the Negroes who take the published statement that reflect upon the moral uprightness and honor of the race and weep over them as the evidences of our degeneracy, would be disgusting if their performance was not so grotesque as to make them amusing. Why turn our backs upon the facts of history and shut our eyes against the light of the present? We do not claim perfection for the Negro, but we do claim that an unbiased investigation would show his moral condition to be no worse than that of the class who assumes to sit in judgment upon him. Indeed, it is a wonder that the Negro has any morals at all; it is a wonder that he has not long ago discarded christianity, I mean American christianity. In the past the American christians used every means that devilish ingenuity could devise to debauch, and if possible, destroy the Negro's moral sense. The christianity he received from the enlightened christians of this country was a miserable counterfeit and a blasphemy against the inspired man of Galilee. There is no class of people in America whose moral pathway is so strewn with thorns as that of the Negro, for almost every elevating influence is denied him; almost every means of moral growth and every door that opens in aid of moral uprightness, is closed against him.

American christianity is not the christianity of Christ. Its hypocrisy is so towering as to have become monumental. The Negro owes it to himself and to the history of these times to make known some of its aspects. It would annul the fact of the Divine Fatherhood by refusing to recognize human brotherhood. It has done this from the beginning, and it does so to-day; does it because its heart is unsound. If there ever was a people who need the very highest and best that the gospel of the Son of God had to offer to man, that people is the American Negro. But those who are in possession of the archives of the knowledge and who have millions under the shadows of their churches, who need the uplifting power of the highest and best that the Christ and His christianity, which they claim to possess, has to present, are debarred, shut out and set aside as being objectionable associates in the household of faith. The Negro has had only a few years in which to quench his age long thirst at the fountain of knowledge; only a few years in which to gather togather or to build for himself a home and gather about him a family, which until recenetly, American christians made it impossible for him to do; he has had only a few years in which to give his children any training or education, except of course industrial training; it has only been a few years since American christianity has permitted him to assemble in the house of God without restraint and hear the gospel preached without reservation; it has been only a few years since he was permitted to protect and defend the sacredness of his home and the sanctity and honor of his children against the rapacity and lust of American christians. In the light of all these things, it is very poor taste for American christians, famed for their learning to be pointing with horror and regarding with grave apprehensions the awful moral condition of the Negro.)

American christianity is not only hypocritical, it is cowardly. It has not the moral courage, nor the moral strength, nor the moral backbone to lift its finger, or to raise its voice, against the swarming hordes of white libertines who sit in the pews of its churches on Sunday and who go out on Monday morning to use every means that position and wealth and power can command to debauch the womanhood of the race. It is too cowardly to accord christian fellowship without discrimination to colored christians; too cowardly to lift its mighty voice against the machinery of the law when it is made to operate against the moral development and growth of the race.

American christianity is brutal. While human beings have been burned within the shadow of its churches, its only solace for the writhing agony and groans of the dying have been demoniac cheers. It has gathered with its communicants and Sunday school children by the thousands and inhaled as a sweet savor the smell of the burning flesh of some fellow christian accused of crime. It has uttered no protest; it has administered no rebuke to its murderous lynchers who butcher in cold blood scores of Negro christians every year. American christianity has comforted the Negro by pointing his weary eyes to "Gates of pearl and mansions in the skies," but it has refused him an opportunity to find employment in the wealth producing industries of the country in order that he might possess a cottage on earth. It has spoken to him of "long white robes in the New Jerusalem" and has handed him a Jacket and apron to wear until he enters the gates of pearl. The colored youth of to-day in every section of this country finds almost every door of moral help closed against him. Christian Associations, Temperance unions and nearly every movement inaugurated in the aid of morals are almost everywhere exclusively for the whites. Nearly every one of the great denominations in this country has a colored contingent. The Negroes in these denominations owe it to themselves and to their posterity, as well as to the vital power of christianity and to the honor of the name of Jesus Christ, to expose this hypocrisy, to put to shame this cowardice and to proclaim this brutal spirit, and to either un Christ American christianity by making it deny the name of Him, the foundation principles of whose gospel it denies, or else compel it to give full and complete recognition to the manhood and womanhood of the race whose virtue it has debauched and the life of whose soul it has assailed.

THE NEW COLORED WOMAN.

She is Fast Shaping the Destiny of a Prosperous Nation—A Strong Spirit of Unity Existing.

BY FANNIE BARRIER WILLIAMS, CHICAGO, ILL.

In nothing else is our progress more happily signalized than in the growing interest in the new usefulness of our women.

Ten years ago colored women were little heard of as useful members of society, except in the work of teaching, religious interests and the domestic arts. Ten years ago the conscience of womankind among us was scarcely aroused to the opportunities presented for multiplying our activities in all the questions that concern social improvements. Ten years ago the interest of colored women in each other was personal or individual and not racial or social. The great forces that are now shaping all things toward newer and better conditions, that teach new duties and suggest new opportunities for the exercise of all the virtues of heart and mind have begun to affect our women in a wonderful way. This year has witnessed a remarkable exhibition of the spirit of unity in colored women. They have effected a truly national organization of representative women. The organization is genuine in its representative capacity, sincere in purpose, and positive and practical in its proclamation of principles.

The National Colored Women's Association, possibly means more to the social order and improvement of the colored race in this country than anything yet attempted outside of the churches. It has already succeed in making important many things that have been to long neglected. It has succeeded in calling attention to the fact that the Negro race has a good deal more intelligence and virtue than it uses for its own advancement. The controlling spirit of this new association of colored women is first of all for self improvement. It is the most distinct voice of self admonition and self examination yet uttered by a national body of Afro-Americans. In other words these women coming from all parts of our country and from all various conditions of the people, seem burdened with an earnestness to make pure and strong and beautiful the home life, and all the social relationships of the race. Perhaps it is not necessary thus to call attention to this association and its work, after all that has been said and written about it. But it seems to me that it cannot be too strongly urged that the association needs for its success the enthusiasm and hearty support of all of our women. The special organ of the association and all of its other functions need the co-operation of colored women everywhere. The questions outlined in its resolutions and address to the public should be themes of wide and helpful discussion wherever our women meet together. The way to make a great national movement truly national, important and effective, is to talk about it and try to realize in each community the high and important purposes of that movement. That is the secret of the enormous success of such bodies as the W. C. T. U., the Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Council of Women and others like them. Every community where earnest women dwell is made to feel the living and active presence of these organizations. Let our women everywhere give the National Association of Colored Women power and permanency by every available means of encouragement and support.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST.

A LONG SUFFERING RACE—THE NEGRO AS HE WAS.

Civil Rights Denied Him—Coming Out From the Toils—His Work in the Recent Campaign—What Will The Outcome Be?

D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER, DETROIT, MICH.

The year 1896 is near its close and we may profitably reflect upon our condition as a race of people amidst the composite races of our country.

The past I leave behind, as it serves but as a useful guide, and lesson for the present. The future depends much on the present. That which strikes me as significant in our present as a race of people is our recent part taken in the late presidential campaign. At the commencement of the campaign various views were said to have been entertained concerning the position we should take as a race. The issue was unlike that of any other which marked the controversy of any political party for nearly one hundred years. The question of civil rights which had so frequently marked former campaigns and in which the Negro had a direct personal interest had been taken relegated to the past as unprofitable, and was discountenanced by both great political parties, Republican and Democratic alike as a political scare-crow to frighten away white adherents to either tariff or the free-trade issue.

The money question was one which at first, was considered one not to concern the colored voter as he represented little commercial or industrial interests. But soon it appeared that the financial question sank deeper than the monetary interests of any individual or class of people. So that the first intention, that bankers and merchants, and railroad corporation, and trusts, should manage the campaign was seen who fraught with the same danger and shortsightedness, which the early place of the campaign of the civil war, until the battle of Bull Run proved to be. It soon became evident in the latter as the former that the issue was one of national existence, national honor and integrity In this conclusion it was discovered that when an assault is made upon the nation, whether foreign or local, every citizen is or should be interested. No creed, no race, no color, no condition should circumscribe the effort to save the nation. Dishonor to the Republic is dishonor to each and every one of its loyal citizens, black and white alike.

At this moment what was the condition of the Negro race in the United States? It was a suffering and long persecuted race of people. Its civil rights were denied upon no sounder pretext or cause than its color. The lines and property of its members sacredly pledged by the law of the land to be protected and secured, were ruthlessly destroyed. Its social status like that of a pariah, Nevertheless, turning aside from any consideration of these ills and how long borne, and without hope of remedy, we find the the colored voter in and among the hottest battles of the campaign contending for victory, for national honor, and casting more than a million votes in securing said victory. Not only by his votes, but contrary to the utmost expectations he showed an intelligence of the financial question at which none can sneer. The issue of the campaign was one which not only tested the patriotism of every American citizen but his intelligence of economic questions. How did our journals, The Freeman, New York Age, Richmond Planet, Colored American and others treat the subject? Did they not show a familiarity and soundness of the question which many college graduates seemed to lack, and above all, was ever greater patriotism seen among a people who are denied protection to their lives, their homes and their civil rights in nearly every practical form?

Well the victory has been won and that matchless statesman, patriot, and highest exponent of protection to American workmen, Governor Wm. McKinley of Ohio, has been elected President of the United States for the ensuing four years from March next. Our work in the campaign is done—what shall be the next step taken by the Afro-American? This may be gathered from a single lesson evidenced by the late political contest. It is this, that the Negro question as a race question is forever buried. In the campaign, save in the unfortunate destruction of a Negro bureau, which at first I thought to our advantage, but which I greatly fear will prove profitless save to individuals, the Negro as a distinct voter was not seen, and the lesson taught was that he was called upon to do battle for American honor and faith as an American citizen. Let this then be our next step namely to fight our battle political, social, and civil and religious upon the platform of American citizenship and not race or color. I believe that one of the hindrances to securing our rights has been the too prominent fact, that they were demanded because of color. Be the fact as it may, let us demand them as citizens. If we seek office do not indicate that we are only fitted for Liberia or Hayti or that we even seek the same as colored men but as American citizens. I frankly confess that I have abandoned my theories of securing our rights upon the basis of race or color and prefer to stand upon merit, integrity and capability, and let color take care of itself—who can mistake it.

The next step is work to be done in the industrial persuits. Our industrial institutions are better preceptors than all theories which might be taught in our colleges. We must advance along the line of materiality and not sentimentality. But here I pause and ask the question, what boots it that the Negro become skilled artizans, if opportunity is not afforded him to employ his skill. The great need of the Afro-American at the present day is equal opportunity. The great and noble educational leader of our race Mr. Booker T. Washington, may teach a million Negroes how to become skilled artiznas and unless the American people open the doors of industry to us our skill will become our curse. I know he feels this and works to open the hearts of our fellow white citizens to understand the same. But of one thing we cannot complain of the want of opportunity and that is the use of land. Skilled agriculturests should be the fruit of one half of our graduates for many years to come. Cultivate the farm, if our young men will, and we shall secure greater independence even in politics than we have.

In the want of greater opportunity we need favorable public sentiment The press of our country and the pulpit can do much. We must do all in our power to mould this sentiment whether in office, at the work shop, at the polls, in church or in school.

Is race prejudice dying out? I answer yes? Daily are the evidences—the times, the creeds, the religions, nay even the scepticisms prove this modern scepticism has assailed christianit and torn off the mask, demanding practical evidence of its creed in the manifestation of the brotherhood of man. Our heroes must be as Carlyles heroes, men of sacrifice, whether a Hur or a Cardinal or Bishop—Government is called upon to stay the flow of riches among the classes and give opportunity to the masses to live. The Ego is giving way to the altruism of a common lot and the ancient quest "Am I My Brother's Keeper" is looked upon as fit only for the heathen. Thus we see by invention, science, art and literature mankind, is becoming more and more homegenous and less turbal, in which I believe the brotherhood of man will be more fully recognized and a man be a man for a that.

Hoping that these few reflections may prove profitable reading to your numerous readers, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SOME FRIENDLY TIPS.

BY W. ROBT. B. ALEXANDER, LINCOLN, NEB.

Say!
Are you
A married man,
And do
The best you can
To make your home a place
Of bliss?
A happy lot
Your life or not?
If hell on earth
Since bridal birth,
Try prayer, smile, embrace
And kiss.
A cheerful smile,
A loving smile
If from your heart
Will play its part
If married sir, you've won
These "tips"
So realize that you've a prize
To tranquilize and idolize.
At early
Break of day
To wife "good-morning" say
And plant a kiss upon
Her lips,
And thus impress your loveliness.

Make
Of her
Your darling wife
As dear
As your own life.
Your children too should share
Your love.
Your servants meet
And kindly greet;
Each day by threes
Fall on your knees,
And from each heart, by prayer,
Remove
That temper bad
That makes one sad
And seems to you
Of darkest hue.
Oh, for a smile upon
Each face,
Who chance to share your household fair
And join you there in family prayer.
What peace, and
Oh, what bliss
Brings smile, embrace and kiss
To light your path upon
Life's race.
Do husband's part with all your heart.

Babes
And her
The mother, spouse,
Kiss ere
You leave the house.
On each return just do
The same.
Thus love create—
Reciprocate
The proffer of
A wife's true love,
And be a husband true
To name.
If things go wrong
Just sing a song
And act the man
As best you can,
And have no evil elf
In you.
Your wife 'tis true, and children too,
All look to you for them to do.
Let no man
Better treat
Your wife (may I repeat)
Not better than yourself
Will do.
If things go wrong, just sing this song.

MIRAMA'S CHRISTMAS TEST.

BY T. THOMAS FORTUNE, NEW YORK CITY.

It was Christmas Eve, and there was but little frost in the air, but it was frosty enough to make people move along briskly, as they stirred about Jason, in the land of sunshine and flowers, of mocking birds and alligators, getting together "Christmas things" for the little ones, and for the big ones, also; for it is very true, as the poet has said: "We are but children of a larger growth." Some of the large ones are bigger children than the small ones.

This is just what Mirama Young thought, as she sat near Alexander Simpson, in the neat parlor of her own home, in the upper part of Jason, and watched the big logs in the fireplace blaze and hiss. Mirama Young was angry.

These two young people were up-to-date Afro-Americans, with positive views on most subjects and with good sized tempers with which to back them up. They both taught school. Mr. Simpson taught for a living, but had no sort of love for the work. It seemed to him more dignified to teach school than to follow the trade of a carpenter, the mastery of which he had acquired in his youth, and for which he had real aptitude His supreme ambition was to be a lawyer, with political influence, and all that. He even dreamed that some day he might be commissioned by the President as Minister Resident and Consul General near the court of Faraway, a soft snap much sought after by ambitious men of his race.

Mirama taught school because she liked it, and because it was a much needed work to be done, and because she was intensely devoted to her race and its best interests. She had a good home, and had graduated from a famous seminary at the head of her class. Her father was a builder and contractor, one of the old timers who hired his time before the war and had been hiring the time of other people ever since. He was a practical old gentleman, and thought there was nothing too good for Mirama, his only child.

Mirama was engaged to be married to Alexander Simpson. They had reached an agreement on that point, but there were others necessary to the fulfillment of their mutual pledges upon which they were still as far apart as the North and the South. They were argumentative and dogmatic, were Mirama and Alexander, in their discussions. There was nothing of the spoilt child about Mirama, but for so small a woman she had enough will force for three women. When she put her small foot down, Alexander Simpson could not make her take it up, although he weighed almost twice as much as she did. This was very painful to Mr. Alexander Simpson, who was entirely devoted to Mirama and twice as sentimental as she and not half as studious in burning the midnight oil. Indeed, Mr. Alexander Simpson did not possess a literary head, although he thought that he did. Mirama had come out of school at the head of her class, Alexander had come out at the foot of his, and during the year that she had taught under him in the city school she had upheld the scholarship of the school while he had upheld the discipline and the dignity of the work.

Mr. Alexander Simpson was a fine mathematician and some what of an architect. He had learned the carpenter's trade in his youth, and his father hoped that with a college education he would become a boss carpenter and builder. His father died just before Alexander finished his college course, and as he had a great many irons in the fire at the time of his death there wasn't much left for Alexander and his mother when all the creditors were satisfied.

Now if Alexander had been a wise young man he would have taken up his father's business where his father left off. If he had done so he could have saved much of his father's business and property. But Alexander Simpson was not going to bother with the carpentering business, not if Alexander knew himself. He did not think it a proper sort of business for a young man with a college education. Any sort of a common man could be a carpenter, he thought, but any sort of a common man could not be a lawyer, and all that.

And just here it was that Mirama Young and Alexander Simpson differed, and that so radically that Mirama had put her little foot down and Mr. Alexander Simpson could not budge it. They had been fighting it over for the hundreth time this Christmas Eve, and had reached a point where silence had fallen upon them like a wet blanket. Mirama was immovable; Alexander was stubborn.

"I have reached the conclusion that we had better break off our engagement, Mr. Simpson" said Mirama, gloomingly, staring into the fire.

"But you can't back out now, Mirama. You have gone too far for that."

"O, yes I can!" snapped Mirama. "It is never too late to back out when you find that you have made a mistake."

"But have you made a mistake?"

"Certainly. That is the reason I think it best to break the engagement."

"What is the mistake?" asked Alexander, meekly.

"What is it, Why you are just as stubborn as you can be. You never give way to me in anything. You don't seem to think a woman should have a mind of her own."

"Now, Mirama, be reasonable. You know that you are as stubborn as I am, and that I give away to you as much as you do to me."

"That is just it," exclaimed Mirama. "Neither of us ever gives away. One of us must give away. You don't expect me to do it, do you?"

Alexander did not know how to answer this question, so evaded it by asking another: "You don't love me a bit, do you, now?"

"You know I do." reproachfully; "but you are so stubborn."

"Now, what am I most stubborn in?" asked Alexander, soothingly.

"Everything!" said Mirama, with a sweep of her arm. "Everything! You would provoke a saint." Long pause. "Now, take this law scheme of yours."

"Don't!" said Alexander. "We can't agree on that."

"If we can't agree on that, we shall not be able to agree on anything, and we had better not get married, and I won't marry you. So there!" Mirama had put her little foot down. Alexander argued and coaxed, but he made no headway. He was in despair. Things had never reached this stage before, and a compromise of some sort must be reached.

"What do you want me to do?" asked the strong man, desperately.

"What do I want you to do?" asked Mirama indignantly. "I've told you a hundred times. I want you to give up the idea of reading law, and I want you to stop teaching school, and I want you to go with my father in the carpenter business. You will never succeed in the law, and you don't like school teaching, and you know all about carpentering. My father wants you to help him. He's getting old, and can't attend to all his business. And I am not going to marry you unless you do what I want you to do in this matter."

Alexander had studied the question from a thousand points of view and he had reached the conclusion that the law was the business in life he wanted to follow and that the carpentering business was not up to his idea of dignity and all that. What did he get a college education for, just to be a carpenter? Not much.

"You needn't say another word," said Mirama. "I will not budge an inch. The business that was good enough for your father and that is good enough for mine is good enough for you. You couldn't make enough money as a lawyer to support me, and you know it."

"O, I don't think I know anything of the sort," exclaimed Alexander.

"Perhaps you don't," dryly; "but I do, and I am not going to try the experiment. We don't need to argue the question any more."

Mr. Alexander Simpson did not argue the question any more, He put on his thinking cap and kept it on, in dead silence, for ten minutes. Then a big spasm of pain passed over his face, and Mr. Alexander Simpson, for the first time in their courtship, surrendered.

"I have been trying to get you to fix the marriage day for a year, now, if I do what you want will you fix it?"

"Certainly," said Mirama. "I will fix the day any time you say after you write your resignation to the school board."

"That is your Christmas test, is it?" said Alexander Simpson.

"That is my Christmas test," said Mirama Young.

Alexander took his fountain pen and securing a sheet of paper wrote his resignation to the school board, to take effect at the end of the holidays, and handed it to Mirama. She read it through carefully and said:

"Well, fix the date for the wedding."

"To-morrow, at 3 o'clock," said Alexander.

"O, that is a Christmas test!" exclaimed Mirama.

"Yes; Mirama's Christmas test," said Alexander Simpson.

AFRO-AMERICANS IN OFFICE.

Where there can be no Sneering at—Positions in the Field of Labor—No Colored Men Admitted.

BY ROBERT H. TERRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Negro-American should seek public office at all times, in all places, and by all honorable methods. He should neither fear nor shrink from the disappointments, the vexations and the heart-burnings that must come to the many whose hopes and ambitions for office are never gratified. Public office carries with it power, tone and character, and the few men of color who are fortunate enough to obtain the golden fruit of official recognition, secure for their race a place in the public esteem inseparably connected with dignity and honor. Such a compensation is worth, indeed, all the nervous force and energy expended in seeking the prize. The Negro occupies an anomalous position among the races of America. In every community he has his own peculiar social station—peculiar not only because of his separation from all other people in the higher and better forms of life, but also because he has not yet been able to fix for himself a social standard up to which he can live consistently and uniformly. To intensify the Negro's distressing material condition, his white fellow citizens see fit to shut him out from a participation in most of those occupations and business connections which are everywhere classed as dignified vocations. The Negro's best and easiest avenue, then, to honor, prosperity and the proper recognition of his talents is his employment in the service of his town, city, state or country.

I appriciate the fact that such doctrine as I am here preaching will be regarded by some as the rankest kind of heresy, and by others as the most dangerous kind of advice to our young men. I admit that there would be some justice in such criticism if the young Negro, in the almost brutal competition of life, had an equal chance with the white boy whom he has distanced in the institutions of learning, from the graded schools through the university, But, to quote Abraham Lincoln, "As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew." There is such a vast difference between the opportunities of the white man and the black man in America that there can be no adequate comparison of their cases unless this difference is always taken into consideration. Their situations in life are not parallels, but contrasts, rather. I have lived in an office-holding atmosphere nearly all my life. I have had ample opportunity to study the question af office-holding and its advantages at short range, and I say without fear of successful contradiction, that no people have done more to acquaint white men with Negro capacity and to elevate the Negro race in the estimation of the white American than the colored men who have worked side by side with white men in office. It is impossible for one man to sneer at or to undervalue the ability of another, who day after day, side by side with him, is doing the same work and receiving for his services the same pay.

It must be said to the credit of colored men that they hold office with as much grace and perform its duties with as much efficiency as any other people on earth. They have demonstrated their capacity along this line in the incredibly short period of 26 years. For it was not until the 30th of March, 1870, that President Grant sent a special message to Congress calling the attention of that body to the proclamation of the Secretary of State in reference to the ratification by the states of the 15th Amendment to the Constitution, and declaring that it had become a part of that revered instrument. It was this amendment that for the first time gave to the Negro his full political rights and opened up before him a new era. This was the greatest civil change that had ever occured in the history of our country since the nation came into life, The new citizen with a commendable zeal hastened to take advantage of the honorable and dignified privileges that had been heretofore denied him, and had always been considered the peculiar and exclusive property of white men. He at once sought official recognition, both in state and federal government. On the 25th of February, 1870, Hiram R. Revels, a Negro from Mississippi, took the seat in the United States Senate that Jefferson Davis had abandoned in 1861. One year later Georgia, the home o Alexander Stephens and Robert Toombs, sent to the National House of Representatives, Jefferson F. Long, a man in whose veins flowed the warm blood of Africa. A little later on E. D. Bassett, of Pennsylvania, and J. Milton Turner, of Missouri, were sent abroad in diplomatic capacity to represent the American government. Frederick Douglass, as a Presidential Elector, for the state of New York, in 1872, helped cast the vote of that great commonwealth for U. S. Grant for President, and it was he who brought the vote to Washington. During this same period the Negro leaders in the Southern states were illustrating the lofty sentiment of the equality of all men before the law by having themselves elected and appointed to office. The new condition, and capabilities of the Negro could not possibly have found a severer test than in this field of operation, Colored men were filling the places that had been held by the best men of the South. They were the successors of Calhoun, Slidell, Yancy, Prentiss, Jefferson Davis, Toombs and Soule, statesmen and scholars, slavery's greatest apostles, men of a splendid intellectual heritage and the true types of the old master class. It was not fair to compare the chiefs of the freedmen with the chiefs of the slaveholders. Yet it was done, and be it said to the credit of those who had been lately enfranchised that the comparison sufficed to disprove most of the predictions against the Negro race, and in nothing so much as in the intelligence of those who were regarded as its representative leaders.

Office-holding by colored men soon ceased to be a novelty, and the educated young colored men from all parts of the country found their way into clerical positions in the Executive Departments at Washington. Here in large numbers they have been and are now employed drawing salaries ranging all the way from $1,000 to $2,000 a year. They have applied themselves to their work with such earnestness that they have mastered every technical difficulty connected with the vast machinery and intricate mechanism of our governmental fabric. In the annual report of the Civil Service Commission for the year 1891, special attention was called to the splendid record made by the colored clerks in the examinations for appointments and promotion, as well as to their general efficiency in official positions.

The great labor unions of this country still have the power to keep Negro artisans from the trade shops; the industrial temples of the North, whose wheels are now being set in motion through the influence of the black man's vote, still refuse to give him an opportunity at their looms; merchants and shopkeepers still submit to the domination of their clerks and salesmen as to whom they should employ. So long as the Negro is forced to battle against such hard conditions of life, I advise colored men who are ambitious for advancement to enter the public service wherever and whenever they can. There they will find the best and most lucrative field for their talents.

FREEDOM THE OBJECT.

Negro Labor Diminishing—Results of Foreign Immigration—Forced to Eke Out a Living.

BY MRS. J. E. CARLISLE.

In every country of the civilized world we find the master class and the serving class. This is true of America, in the main but aside from this she has another class peculiar to herself alone which consists of members of the darker hued race. This class are victims to the most inhuman atrocities ever perpetrated upon any people by a civilized nation in the annals of history. Every citizen hopes to gain something from the new administration and is anxious that the affairs of the country be so arranged as to enable him to best provide, for his family the comforts and luxuries of life. He wants a home and laws that will protect him in it. The following is from the State Herald, Birmingham, Ala., in its appeal for aid to carry on the recent campaign "Bear in mind that if we fail, the future of our little ones is blighted. Every Democratic mother when she tucks her little ones away to-night and asks the blessings of God upon them should remember to ask her husband whether or not he has codtributed his mite towards preserving to them the precious privilege of being free American citizens. There is no longer any room to doubt that if McKinley and the money power win in this contest we are raising our children to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water."

The highest object to be attained is freedom that most loathed is serfdom; and who is it that would choose the latter? Yet these same liberty loving people would force upon others what they themselves abhor. What of the colored mother and her little ones who can expect but little else than serfdom outrage and lawlessness? Can she enjoy or value "the precious privilege of being free American citizens? indeed not. How can the millions of white Christian mothers be silent the pulpit reticent. Is Christianity itself a delusion or are we cowards to justice and right? These are questions that should be answered. Li Hung Chang, the Chinese statesman who recently visited America, is quoted as having said that the American was more given to charity than justice. 'Tis true. We lack not for charity but for justice we are literally starving "Man shall not live by bread alone" is applicable in this case. We were a thirst for knowledge and were given it, we hunger to make use of it and are turned away. As a whole we are shorn of every means of making a comfortable living. As white men increase as laborers the number of colored workmen is diminished. The latter be forced back to deserted and barren farms to eke out their existence. Thousands of emigrants are admitted to the United States every year who cause a reduction in wages and refuse to work beside a colored man. From the introduction of foreigners has arisen unequal competition. The standard of living of this foreign element is far below that of the average colored workman of America; for instance, twenty or more foreigners will occupy one room. To have a lower standard of living than that already existing among the common people, would soon infest our cities with an epidemic, the ravages of which are known only to the old world.

'Tis alike true that the larger portion of this foreign element is closely allied to the American by blood and speak the same language; yet they may be still a menace to our Republican institutions, for while they seek more freedom and better wages in this country there is nothing to which they adhere more tenaciously than their religious creed and the political sentiment of the mother country. As emigration increases ignorance increases, and the masses being in majority, should they rise it would not be an easy matter to subdue them. Most of our large cities have had insurrections, riots and strikes in most instances led and composed of foreigners, it being a peculiar fact the colored men usually come to the rescue. At the recent strikes he fired the engines, turned the brakes at the muzzle of guns, kept the mines open and the furnances in blast, protected the wives and babes of his owner during that bitter struggle to maintain slavery on one hand and save the union on the other. He is the reserved force in the time of trouble and has been since Chrispus Attucks feel to the present. In freedom he is still a servant; the white American is relieved of all need to perform manual labor and is waited upon by the ex-slave. His improved education, however, has enabled him to compare his condition with that of other American citizens, and to discuss the reason and vindication of the great existing inequalities and aroused in him a desire to better his condition, and to elevate himself above the level of interior yet in spite of this he is legislated and discriminated against as a thing polluted and unclean.

A constant watch is kept of him as if he was a culprit or criminal. Any white man may assume the office of detective; law is disregarded and no government is recognized but that of prejudice and passion. The colored man has in some instances, yes many, chosen theft to starvation not theft and suicide. The Americans's time can be much more profitably employed than by watching the Negro. While his back is turned the foreign element is close upon him. The Negro has no wish to rule, if he did, the thousands of votes cast for white candidates would be withheld. If he as a rape fiend, thief, and murderer he would have been exterminated long ere this. No more eloquent, forcible, and earnest pleas have been made for any people than for the Negro, and it seems there was never less heed paid a worthy object. We ask not for charity but proper treatment as the laws provide embodied in the constitution. The basis of this great republic should not be false in any part. "There is no free state where the laws do not rule supreme for the law ought to be above all." * * * The only stable state is that where every one possesses an equality in the eye of the law according to his merit and enjoys his own unmolested." It has been said that no one has deeper reverence for law than the American—this being true we appeal to him as he reverences his laws, his flag, his home, his country, his freedom, that the colored American possess an equality in the eye of the law according to his merit and enjoy his own unmolested.

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The C. H. & D. Ry, will make a rate of a fare and one third for the Christmas and New Years holidays, from all points on their line to all points on foreign lines, within the territory of the Central Passenger Committee. Special arrangements will be made by this line for students of colleges, seminaries and universities going home to spend their holiday vacation. For information as to students tickets, apply to agents of the C. H. & D. Ry., at local stations.

Change of Time.

On the new change of time, which took effect November 22nd, train No. 12 on the C. H & D. Ry, which leaves Cincinnati at 9.20 p. m. arrives in Detroit 6:15 a m., but passengers are allowed to remain in the sleeper until 7:00 o'clock.

5c, 10c and 25c Store,

26 & 28 North Illinois Street.

THE ORIGINATORS OF LOW PRICES IN THIS AND OTHER CITIES.

DOLLS, GAMES, TOYS, BLACK BOARDS,

And everything for the little folks in One Big Store. Bring the Children.

Special—Iron Toys at 5c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 45c, and 65c.

Black-boards, 15c, and 35c.

Metallophones, 5c, 19c, 25c, 35c, and 75c.

Drums, 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

12-inch Kid Body Dolls, go at 9c

Christmas Tree Ornaments, get our prices.

Christmas Candles, 48 candles, the box, 7c.

Good Willow Doll Cabs, go at 20c.

Brownie Ladders, our price 15c.

Celluloid Albums,

Cuff and Collar Boxes, etc.

It will pay you to get our prices on these goods.

Special prices on Lamps, a fine assortment,

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5 and 10c Store. 26 & 28 N. Illinois Street.

Our Holiday Supplement.

The Freeman.

Christmas 1896 Number

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RACE GLEANINGS.

A Negro woman is a candidate for postmistress of Kingston, N. C.

‡ ‡ ‡

Every house in Sardis, Ga., about 100, is owned and occupied by colored people.

‡ ‡ ‡

There are in Topeka, Kan., five colored schools, employing nineteen colored teachers.

‡ ‡ ‡

A band of members of the Salvation Army will soon leave New York to go South in order to organize work among the colored people in that section of the country. Atlanta will be the first city visited, and headquarters are to be established there.

‡ ‡ ‡

Prof. S. G. Snelson, principal of the Athens, Ga, Graded School, has united with the A. M. E. Church and as a presiding elder is to go shortly as a missionary to Africa. His wife is to accompany him and they will reside at Sierra Leone.

‡ ‡ ‡

H. K Holmes is the first colored man to build a brick business block in Cripple Creek, Col. It is situated on 2nd street, between Meyers and Bennett avenue, in the business part of the city. The owner has a news stand with cigars, tobacco, etc, in one part.

‡ ‡ ‡

At the request of the officials of the Tennessee centennial exposition Gov. McIntire has appointed the following delegates to represent Colorado in the Negro department: J. H. Stuart, J. C. Watson, P. E. Spratlin, and Mrs. E. Hackley of Denver; G. Carr of Manitou, and Joseph A. Jones of Del Norte.

‡ ‡ ‡

The employment of Negro girls has begun in the mills of Charleston, S. C, owing to the scarcity of white labor. White girls have displayed no inclination to continue in the work, and the manufacturers have done the inevitable thing in training colored girls for their places. The same wages are paid and the results are equally good.

‡ ‡ ‡

The will of the late Rev. Johnson Mitchem, of Franklin, Ind., has been probated. The entire property, valued at several thousand dollars, is vested in the widow during her lifetime, after which all, with the exception of $200, to be divided between his two step daughters, is bequeathed to Wilberforce University, with which to endow scholarships, to be placed at the disposal of the Indiana A. M. E. conference.

‡ ‡ ‡

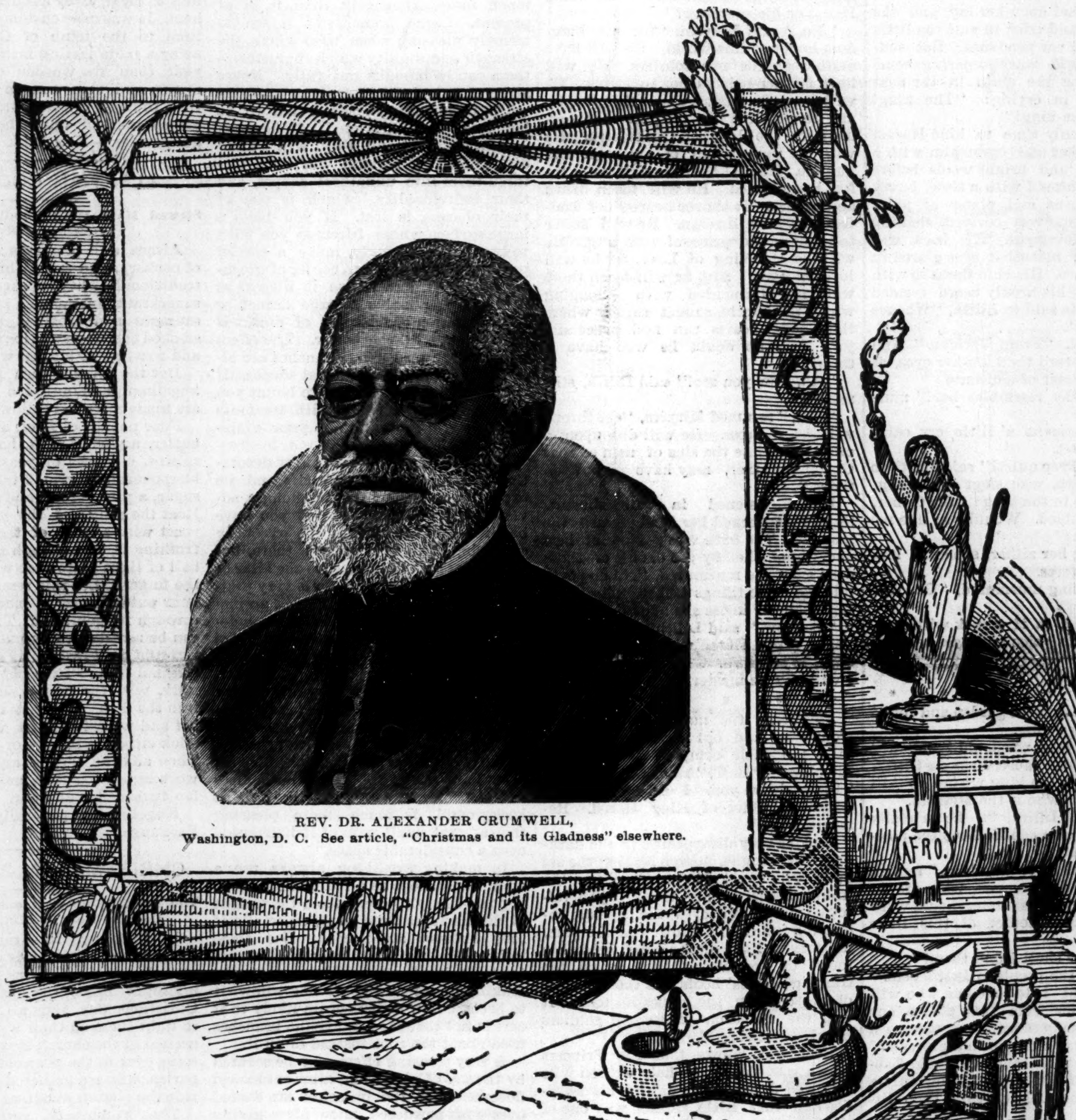
There are thirteen chapels of the Protestant Episcopal denomination in Hayti pastored by colored rectors. There is also a large number of native lay readers. The Haytian church is an independent one, established by Bishop Holly. In the event of his death, a native must succeed him. The House of Bishops consists of three Bishops. Whenever another Bishop is to be elected, it must be from among the native clergy.

‡ ‡ ‡

No doubt many persons who know Rev. A. P. Camphor, A. M., B. D., will be surprised to know he and his wife have offered themselves to go with Bishop Hartzell as missionaries to Africa. Bro Campbor is a young man who was reared and educated by the late Rev. Stephen Priestly, of the Louisiana Conference, and after teaching a few years in New Orleans University he went to Gammon Seminary, and took the theological course. He has for some time been serving a church in the Delaware Conference at Orange, N. J., which is his second charge in the M. E. Conference.

‡ ‡ ‡

The death of one of the employees of the Counting Division, Government Printing office, brought about an interesting incident. Of the 25 persons employed in this division, the race has a single representative, Mr. R. W. Thompson who is principal clerk of the department. At a meeting recently held to take action concerning the death of this particular employee, a white Virginian, Mr Thampson was not only the unanimous choice of the room as a member of the committee on resolutions, but was made its chairman. We congratulate Mr. Thompson upon his selection, and the division upon its exhibition of a liberal spirit and just recognition of ability.



REV. DR. ALEXANDER CRUMWELL,
Washington, D. C. See article, "Christmas and its Gladness" elsewhere.

A Noble Woman Gone to Rest.

Eufaula, Ala., Special.

Mrs Jane Hayes, the wife of John Hayes, died here Saturday, the 12th. The funeral took place Sunday morning at the Baptist church, Rev. J. W. Jackson, officiating. The occasion was a sad one. She leaves a husband and three children to mourn her demise. The choir sang "Gathering Home." Lee Wilson, of White Oak Springs, spent the Sabbath in the city. Mrs. Dilcie Randall died here Friday, the 11th. Rev. J. W. Jackson and wife are happy over the arrival of a fine boy at their house. Stratton Froster, of Montgomery, Ala., is in the city in the interest of the K. of P. lodge. Thomas W. Anderson, the popular portor at Eufaula Grocery company, is a great admirer of The Freeman. Gus Askew opened a paint shop next door to his blacksmith shop. Mr. Askew is doing some very fine work on carriages and hacks. Mrs Anna Davis left Sunday for Anniston, Ala. Get The Freeman every Saturday at John Ward's restaurant.

Chatham Items—Personal Mention.

Chatham, Ont., Special.

The Y. M. C. convened in the A. M. E. church, Chathan township, Dec. 6th, which was well attended. Several papers were read, by Misses Arlena, Nellie, Sister Eddie and Annie Scott. Mr. Alex. Eddie opened his theme, "Fixed Hope;" Miss Francis Scott read an essay with much eloquence; the Rt. Rev. Bishop T. C. Wilmore presented to her a gold fountain pen. Rev. Daniel Eddie addressed the audience in an eloquent manner subject, "What will thou have me to do?" Prof Molton was present and delivered an address. The Y M. C. says God bless The Freeman.

Preachers' Union Association.

Augusta, Ask., Special.

Mrs. Ruthy Wiley, of Memphis, is visiting her nephew, Solomon Boone. Mrs. Rettie Anthony, who has been visiting relatives at Snapps, returned the 14th inst. Prof. Hicks has returned from Little Rock. Rev. S. W. Berry, P. E., made his quarterly visit at Ward's Chapel at Augusta, and also preached an able sermon Dec. 13th. Mrs. Nellie Smith recently moved to Newport, Ark. Rev. W. A. Mundy, M. D. of Little Rock, Ark., formerly editor of the African Methodist, of Morrilton, Ark., arrived on the 28th ult., to take charge of Ward's Chapel A. M. E. church. Preachers' Union Association, recently organized, meets every Tuesday night at St. Luke's church at 7:30 p. m., Rev. H. H. Knox presiding.

An Accidental Fall.

Montreal, Can., Special.

Mrs. Julia Blackburn, while visiting a neighbor last Sunday morning, met with a severe accident by falling through a coal chute and received several injuries, but is recovering nicely. The engagement of Miss Anna Johnson and Mr. Jackson, of Chicago, is announced. They will be married in June, 1897. Mrs. Ruben Croker and daughter will spend the holidays in Boston, Mass. Mrs. Virginia Trueheart is on the sick list. For beautiful work in art and fancy work, patronize Miss Amelia Trueheart, our talented little artist. The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eva Porter, who was quite ill a few days ago, is much better. Ed. Steele was in the city this week. Fred Croker, of Vancouver, B. C., spent five days in the city this week. Read The Freeman. It is the leading colored newspaper. David Mason paid a flying visit to Chicago recently.

Young Peoples' Union.

Temple, Tex., Special.

Rev. Stokes, Grand Lecturer of the Masonic fraternity of the state of Texas, is visiting Temple this week on business pertaining to the lodge. J. W. Williams left last week for Houston. The Central Cotton and Oil mill has closed down until January 1st. The Young Peoples' Union met Thursday night at the Second Baptist church. Mrs. Bonner, one of the oldest members of the A. M. E. church, is very sick. Mrs. Russell is still on the sick list. Hardy Reed has opened a first class restaurant on Eighth street. A grand concert and entertainment will be given at the First Baptist church the 24th inst.

Elegant Entertainment.

Chicago, Ill., Special.

Miss Elizabeth B. Slaughter, of Louisville, Ky., is attending the Armour's Institution learning the millinery's trade. Hill Bros.' Dancing Academy gave an elegant entertainment Dec 11th, at Arlington's hall, will give another Chaistmas night, and a masquerade ball New Years' night.

SURPRISE OF THE PASTOR.

WAYMAN'S CHAPEL M. M. SOCIETY TO APPEAR ONCE MORE.

Excellent Session of Mitchell's T. C. L. C., in which a Grand Discussion was Had—Reflections.

Kokomo, Mo., Special.

Will Roberts, of Indianapolis, is visiting relatives here. Several members and friends of the Second Baptist church during last week gathered at the home of Rev. and Mrs. T. D. Zimmerman and gave them a very pleasant surprise. All spent an enjoyable time, and left with a cordial invitation to "come again." Miss Nora Roberts spent Saturday in the city. Miss Ida Powell is on the sick list. Thornton Hines was called to the bedside of his sick mother at Greensburg, Ind. The funeral of the late Mrs. Anna Fielding Coleman was preached at the A. M. E. church last Tuesday afternoon. Quite a number of young folks were entertained in a royal manner at the home of Royal Dempsey last Thursday. Rev. Ratliff and family dined with J. A. Braboy last Sunday. Full particulars of the grand Japanese entertainment will be given in the next issue. The A. M. E. church is now called Wayman's Chapel. The Wayman's chapel Ladies' M. M. Society will render another excellent program during this month. This society is the first in the state to adorn the Auxiliary Missionary badge. Mitchell's T. C. L. C., held one of its best session on Tuesday evening last. A large crowd was present. The subject, "Resolved, That the Negro should colonize," was contested by Rev. L. W. Ratliff, Cordelia Perkins, Samuel Ratliff, Joseph Gaskin, vs. Nellie Woods, Daniel Milton, Wm. Ballenger and Ira Roberts. However, the affirmative captured the honors The judges were J. A. Braboy, Eugene Gaskin, Walter Langford, Wm. Stubbe and Effie J. Bassett.

Old Folk's Home Concert.

St. Louis, Mo., Special.

The Forum club held their regular meeting on the 13th inst. Twenty applications were received for membership. Rev. John Tuley, an African Missionary, was with the Central Baptist congregation on last Sabbath. A collection of $21.40 was taken up to assist the missionary cause. Eli. N. Trice, the proprietor of a west end tonsorial parlor, was assaulted by Joseph Smith, proprietor of the Southern Hotel and union depot barber shops. Miss Lyda Wyatt was married here last week. The Quaker Social club is going to give a grand entertainment soon. The Upper Ten social club is now installed in their new and cozy quarters at 1925 Morgan street. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Evans, of 923 N. Ewing avenue, are going to give their wooden wedding on the 21st. Mr. Evans is head waiter at the new Union Station restaurant. The coming event of the season will be the Old Folks' Home concert. There are ticket prizes for the one selling the most tickets. School prizes for highest average gift from the various public schools, and last but not least, a prize for the most popular pastor in the city.

St. Luke's Chapel News.

Columbus, Ind. Special.

Dr. Crumwell, of the M. E. church, preached a grand sermon last Sunday morning. His theme was, "Our Duty to God." Our Sabbath school is still closed on account of diptheria. Mr. Trotman led prayer meeting last Thursday night. Rev. Brewer, our pastor, held an official meeting last Monday night. Mrs. Duncan, one of our active church workers, will spend Christmas with friends in Lebanon. Miss Minnie Miller is on the sick list. Christian Endeavor meets on Monday night at 6:30. Six o'clock prayer meeting on Christmas day; preaching at 10:30, a. m., and supper and Christmas tree at night.

THE BEAUTIFUL STAR.

The wise men came out of the east,
Following the beautiful star,
And the camels they rode
Were weighed down with their load
Of spices and gold from afar.

They came to Jerusalem's gate,
And a message to Herod dispatched
Saying, "Tell us the news
Of the King of the Jews,
Whose wonderful birth star we've watched."

King Herod sprang up in alarm,
And the seventy summoned at morn,
And demanded of them.
"O King, Bethlehem,"
They replied, "is where Christ shall be born."

So the wise men to Bethlehem came,
Still following the beautiful star,
And they laid at the feet
Of the Christ Child so sweet
Their spices and gold from afar.

Then they rev'rently worshiped him there,
Though a rude manger cradled the boy,
And gave thanks to the Lord
For fulfilling his word,
And returned to their country with joy.

And the low bending heavens rang out,
While the thrilling, seraphic refrain
Filled the earth like a flood—
"Glory be unto God,
And on earth peace, good will unto men!"
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PRINCESS LILITH.

Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews. For we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa.

* * * * * * *

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and, when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

* * * * * * *

Being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

* * * * * * *

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth.—Matthew ii, 1-16.

The Princess Lilith, daughter of King Herod, mused as she reclined upon a bed of purple, and the negress Noun waved a fan of feathers over her forehead, and the cat Astaroth slept at her feet.

Princess Lilith was 15 years of age. Her eyes were as deep as the water of a cistern, and her mouth was like a cyclamen flower.

She mused of her mother, Queen Miriam, who died when Lilith was still little more than a baby. She did not know that her father had killed her in a fit of jealousy, but she knew that he kept her body in the depths of a secret chamber, embalmed in honey and spices, and that he still wept for her.

She mused upon her father, King Herod, taciturn and always ill. Sometimes he shut himself up in his chamber, and there one could hear him scream aloud. It was because he thought he saw those whom he had caused to die—his stepbrother, Kostobar; his wife, Miriam; his sons, Aristobulus and Alexander, Lilith's brothers; his stepmother, Alexandra; her son, Antipater; the doctor of law, Bababen-Bouta, and many others. Although Lilith knew nothing of all this, her father always inspired her with great terror.

She mused upon the Messiah looked for by the Jews and of whom she had heard so much from her nurse, Egla, now dead. And, although the Messiah would be king in Herod's place, she said to herself that she would very much like to see him.

Lastly she mused upon little Hozael, the son of her foster sister, Zebonda, who lived in Bethlehem. Hozael was a year old. He laughed merrily and was beginning to talk. Lilith loved him tenderly, and almost every day she ordered her mules to be harnessed into her cedar chariot and went with the negress Noun to visit the little Hozael.

Lilith mused upon all these things, and then it seemed to her that she was very much alone in the world and that without little Hozael she would be very sad.

* * * * * * *

Presently Lilith went into the garden to walk under the great sycamores. There she met old Zabulon, who had been formerly captain of the king's guard. Herod had replaced his Jewish guard by Roman soldiers, but having confidence in old Zabulon he had given him the care of that part of the palace inhabited by Lilith.

Old Zabulon, who had been feeble for many years, sat sunning himself upon a stone bench. His back was so bent with age that his long beard reached to his knees.

Lilith said to him, "Thou art sad, old Zabulon."

"Yes, Princess Lilith, because I have learned from a centurion that the king has given orders to kill tomorrow morning at dawn all the children in Bethlehem under two years of age."

"Why?"

"The wise men have announced that the Messiah is born. But it is not known how to recognize him, and the wise men have not returned to tell where they have found him. By killing all the babies in Bethlehem, the king is sure that the Messiah cannot escape him."

"That is true," said Lilith. "That is a clever device." Then after a moment's reflection, "Could I see him?"

"Who?"

"The Messiah."

"In order to see him, one must know where he is. And if we knew where to find him, the king would not be obliged to kill all the other little children of the town."

"That is true," said Lilith. Then she added in a low voice, as if she were afraid of her own words, "My father is very wicked." Then suddenly, "But little Hozael?"

"Little Hozael," said Zabulon, "will die with the others, for the soldiers will search every house."

"But I am very sure that little Hozael is not the Messiah. How could he be the Messiah? He is the son of my foster sister."

"Ask your father to spare him," said Zabulon.

"I dare not," said Lilith. Then she resumed: "I shall go myself with Noun and get little Hozael and hide him in my room. Then he will be very safe, for the king almost never comes there."

* * * * * * *

Lilith ordered the mules to be harnessed into her cedar chariot, sped to Bethlehem with Noun, entered the home of her foster sister Zebonda and said: "It is a long time since I have seen Hozael. I should like to carry him to my palace and keep him for a day and a night. The baby is weaned and has no longer need of thy care. I will give him a dress of hyacinth and a collar of pearls." She said nothing to Zebonda of what she had learned from Zabulon, so afraid was she of the king.

But she noticed that Zebonda's face shone with unwonted joy.

"Why art thou so joyous?"

Zebonda hesitated a moment, then replied, "I am joyous, Princess Lilith, because you love my son."

"And thy husband—where is he?"

Again Zebonda hesitated and answered, "He has gone to gather his flocks upon the mountain side."

Noun hid the little Hozael under her long veils, and Lilith and the good negress returned to the palace just as the sun was setting.

* * * * * * *

When Lilith reached her chamber, she took Hozael upon her lap, and the baby laughed and tried to pull the little princess' long ear pendants. But suddenly Noun, who was preparing some corn gruel for the child in the next room, rushed in crying: "The king! Here comes the king!"

Lilith had only time to hide Hozael in a large basket and cover him with a pile of silks and bright wools before King Herod entered with a slow, heavy tread, the chains and plates of gold, with which he was covered, shaking with each movement. His back was bent, and his bloodshot eyes glared in his terrible face. His chin shook so with the palsy that his bristly beard seemed to shudder. He said to Lilith, "Whence comest thou?"

She replied, "From Jericho." And she raised toward the king her eyes, as calm as the water of a cistern.

"Oh, how she resembles her!" murmured Herod.

At this moment a little cry came from the basket.

"Will you keep quiet?" said Lilith to the cat Astaroth, who slept on the rug. Then she said to the king: "My father, you seem troubled. Would you like me to sing to you?"

And taking her zither, she sang him a song about roses.

And the king murmured, "Oh, that voice!"

Then he fled, as if struck with fear, because Lilith's voice and eyes recalled to him the voice and eyes of Queen Miriam.

* * * * * * *

Lilith went into the garden and found old Zabulon weeping.

"Why dost thou weep, old Zabulon?"

"You know the cause, Princess Lilith. I weep because the king wishes to kill the little child who is the Messiah."

"But," said Lilith, "if he is really the Messiah, men cannot have the power to kill him."

"God wishes us to help him," replied Zabulon. "Princess, you, who are so good and so compassionate, should warn the father and mother of this little child."

"But where shall I find them?"

"Question the people of Bethlehem."

"But ought I to save one who will chase my father from this palace, one by whom I may some day become a poor prisoner or a beggar in the streets?"

"That day is far removed," said Zabulon, "and the Messiah is now only a tiny babe, more helpless even than little Hozael."

"But are you sure that he is the Messiah?" demanded Lilith.

"Yes," said Zabulon, "because he was born in Bethlehem at the time appointed by the prophets and the wise men have seen his star."

"He must be very beautiful, although he is so small. Don't you think so, Zabulon?"

"It is written that he shall be the most beautiful among the children of men."

"I shall go to see him," said Lilith.

* * * * * * *

When night came, Lilith enveloped herself in long black veils, and the bracelets and circles of gold upon her arms and ankles, the collars about her neck and the precious stones with which she was covered shone through her veils as softly as the stars in the sky. And thus Lilith resembled the night, whose name she bore, for in Hebrew "Lilith" signifies "the night."

She left the palace secretly with the negress Noun, and as she walked she mused: "I should not want the Messiah to take the crown from my father because it would be very hard for me not to live in a beautiful palace any more and not to have any more soft rugs and pretty dresses and perfumes and jewels. But still I do not want them to kill this little newborn child. So I shall tell my father that I have discovered its hiding place, and as a recompense for this service I shall entreat him to spare the child and keep him in his palace. Thus he cannot harm us, and if he is really the Messiah he will let us share his power."

Lilith found Zebonda and her husband, Methouel, in prayer. Both seemed filled with great joy. Lilith bethought her of a ruse.

"Hozael is very well," said she, "and I shall bring him back to you tomorrow. But since you know where to find the Messiah lead me to him. I am come to adore him."

Methouel was a simple man, little disposed to think ill of others, so he replied, "I will show you the way, Princess Lilith."

* * * * * * *

When they reached the spot where the infant lay, Lilith was greatly astonished, for she had expected to see something extraordinary and magnificent without knowing exactly what, and she only saw a hut built against a rock and in this hut an ass, an ox, a man who appeared to be a workman, a woman of the people, beautiful, yes, but pale and delicate and poorly clad. And in the manger, lying upon the straw, was a little child, whom at first glance she thought like any other child. But when she drew nearer she saw its eyes, and in those eyes a look not that of a babe, an infinite sweetness more than human, and she became aware that the stable was only lighted by the light which emanated from him.

She said to the young mother, "What is your name?"

"Miryem."

"And your little boy?"

"Jesus."

"He seems to be very good."

"He moans sometimes, but he never cries."

"Will you let me kiss him?"

"Yes, madam," said Miryem.

Lilith stooped and kissed the child upon the forehead, and Miryem was a little vexed that she did not kneel.

"So," said Lilith, "this little child is the Messiah?"

"You have said it, madam."

"And he will be King of the Jews?"

"It is for that that God has sent him."

"But then he will make war and kill many men, and he will dethrone King Herod or his successor?"

"No," said Miryem, "for his kingdom is not of this world. He will have neither guards nor soldiers. He will have neither palaces nor treasures. He will not inflict taxes upon the people, and he will live like the poorest fisherman on the lake of Genesareth. He will be the servant of the poor and humble. He will heal the sick and comfort the afflicted. He will teach truth and justice. It is over hearts, not bodies, that he will reign. He will suffer to teach us the price of suffering. He will be the King of Love, for he will love all men. And he will teach those who are tormented with a longing which this world cannot satisfy where their poor hearts can find peace and joy. And no doubt he will have a throne."

"Ah, now you see!" said Lilith, still resisting.

"But," resumed Miryem, "the throne will be a cross. He will die upon a cross to expiate the sins of men so that God, his Father, may have pity upon them."

Lilith listened in astonishment. Slowly she turned her head toward the manger. The babe was gazing at her, and, vanquished by the caress of those deep eyes, she murmured, "No one ever told me those things before," and falling upon her knees she adored him.

"I know," said Lilith as she rose, "that King Herod will search for the child to kill him. Take the ass and fly. I will pay its master."

* * * * * * *

Following the narrow paths which wound in and out among the round hills the little company soon reached the plain. "Here," said the princess, "I must leave you. I am the Princess Lilith, daughter of King Herod. Remember me."

And as they disappeared in the darkness of the night, Joseph leading the ass upon which sat Miryem holding the infant Jesus in her arms, Lilith followed with her eyes the aureole encircling his divine brow. As the pale, mysterious light disappeared behind a forest of sycamores Lilith heard the tramp of horses' hoofs and the clanking of swords upon the opposite road. It was the squadron of Roman soldiers marching toward Bethlehem.

Every one knows that the Princess Lilith was one of the holy women who followed Jesus on the day of his sacrifice and that little Hozael was one of the first disciples of Christ, the Saviour.
—Translated From the French by V. M. in Romance.

Boiled Bull For the Poor.

In May, 1661, George Staverton left a sum of money to purchase a bull, which bull he gave to the poor of Wokingham town and parish. The animal was to be boiled, the hide and the offal to be sold, and the proceeds expended in the purchase of shoes and stockings, to be bestowed upon poor children. Up to the year 1823 a bull was regularly boiled on the 21st of December in the market place of Wokingham. But in that year the corporation of the town determined upon discontinuing such a proceeding, which has since accordingly been omitted. At Christmas, 1835, a mob broke open during the night the place where one of the animals was kept and boiled it, in spite of the magistrate's endeavors to prevent them, and similar attempts have since been made on other occasions.—Boston Herald.

Vipers Lose Their Venom on Christmas.

In Calabria, south Italy, it is believed that vipers will not bite on Christmas day, or that if they do their bite is harmless, the poison being neutralized by the sanctity of the day.

Christmas Sleighing Song.

There's a loving lure in the pine cone's ember
When the white frost etches the window pane;
There's a lingering chasm that all remember
In the tender voice and the lifted strain;
But, despite the joys of the dear December—
The carol's glamour, the Yule log's plow—
I'd rather be where the night winds rally
And blow their bugles, a-ho, heigh-ho,
Down the valley a-sleighing with Sally
Over the crispy snow!

Forsooth it's jolly under the holly
When the feet of the dancers trip in time,
And there's never a touch of melancholy
When the fiddle follows the cello's rhyme,
But for all the fun and for all the folly,
And for all the hanging the mistletoe,
I'd rather be where the night winds rally
And blow their bugles, a-ho, heigh-ho,
Down the valley a-sleighing with Sally
Over the crispy snow!
—Clinton Scollard.

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEIR USE IN DECORATION.

Beautiful Effects Produced by the Artistic Arrangement of Cedar, Spruce and Pine. Mountain Ash and Holly Berries—Flowers Do Not Harmonize With Evergreen.

Evergreens are almost wholly depended on as material for Christmas decoration. Whatever else comes into play in the decorative scheme is regarded as accessory. But, while the consideration of that part of the subject which treats of what may properly be called foundation effects is of chiefest importance, the consideration of accessories should not be neglected, for by the use of them we secure variety and can produce effects that could not be brought about if nothing but evergreens was used.

Cedar is used extensively in the manufacture of wreathing for festooning arches and many other parts of a building, but if you want pleasing results do not confine yourself to it to the exclusion of other varieties of evergreen. If you do, you are certain to have too much sameness, and the result will be a very tame effect.

Spruce is valuable where flat work is to be done because of its flat habit of branch formation. Hemlock, for some reason, is seldom used, but it is very beautiful and lends itself to fine effects much better than spruce or cedar. Pine, because of its bolder and more irregular habit, will be found to produce a lighter, airier effect, and it should be used much more extensively than it is at present. Large branches of it are extremely pleasing when used where the strength and dignity which characterize them can be brought out fully. Never attempt to make use of them in places where their natural freedom has to be hampered and restricted. Make them into wreathing, and they will surely disappoint you, because you have tortured them into unnatural shapes, and their individuality, which is one of their charms, is lost. If you have a large surface whose bareness you wish to break up pleasingly, make a sort of panel of it by running a border of greenery around it, and across it dispose as naturally as possible a large branch or a combination of branches of pine. If full of cones, all the better. The effect will be very good if the branches are allowed to retain their natural shapes. If not, the piece will be sure to haunt you for a long time to come, with its mute but powerful accusation of your violation of artistic taste.

Holly is always beautiful for decoration, but because of its scarcity and its expense it is frequently not thought advisable to use much of it. If you have but little, do not weaken the effect by scattering it about here and there, but concentrate it. Confine it to the altar or the chancel. Running pine is very pretty for use about the chancel rail, around the font or as a decoration for chandeliers or the organ front, where large branches or heavy festoons would seem out of place.

To brighten the somewhat somber effect of dark evergreen foliage the berries of the mountain ash are extremely useful. Concentrate the color effect given by them as much as possible at each point where used. One large mass of light color, showing against a dark background, is much more pleasing than several small spots of it distributed over a considerable space.

In making wreathing always use a stout, small rope as a foundation. Cord is quite likely to break from the weight of the branches used on it, especially if long festoons are needed. Use stout twine of some dark color or fine wire for fastening the branches in place. In making up wreathing do not allow it to become flat, as it is quite likely to if care is not taken to arrange the branches used about the rope instead of on it.

A very pleasing effect may be secured by the use of pine as an altar or chancel decoration if the branches are dusted over with powdered mica after giving them a sprinkling of glue. They will have the appearance of being covered with particles of hoar frost. This effect is quite easy to produce if the work is carefully done. It is well to experiment a little to ascertain just what consistency the glue should have and how to apply it in order to secure the desired effect. A most charming panel can be made by running a large branch of pine thickly covered with this imitation of frost across a background of rich color. If this branch is full of cones, gild them and you add another touch of brightness to the picture that heightens its charm. If it has no cones of its own, it will be found an easy matter to attach some by wires and give them a natural appearance.

Flowers should never be scattered about among such decorations. They are not in harmony with them. If any are used, let them be confined to the altar. White ones will be found most effective. Lilies are best of all. Neither would I advise the use of palms or other plants of similar character in combination with evergreens. If they are used, keep them by themselves. I am sometimes asked about "designs" for Christmas use—"bells," "stars" and the like. Invariably I discourage any such idea. A "Christmas bell" in evergreens is a burlesque on good taste, and its "tone" is one of discord rather than harmony. A "Christmas star" is more objectionable, because, as generally constructed, it suggests thoughts entirely out of keeping with the time and place.—Eben E. Rexford in Ladies' Home Journal.

Christmas Dinner In Portugal.

Turkeys stuffed with truffles and roasted sucking pig festooned with black puddings and served with sausages and slices of lemon and roast duck, with rice pudding, make the Christmas dinner of this country. The feast is accompanied by broas, a kind of small roll of flour and cheese, cornmeal, olive oil, salt, sugar, honey and aniseed, and cut into the form of lozenges.—Exchange.

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM.

How the City of Christ's Nativity Observes Its Anniversary.

There are always more or less pomp and display in Bethlehem at Christmas time. Christmas night is a night of watching, and few people go to bed until the gray streaks of dawn are showing in the east. Sweetmeats and hard boiled eggs are the refreshments, and there are bonfires, illuminations and fireworks. There is a procession of many pilgrims, headed by the French consul surrounded by eight guards. On the way they are joined by the sheik of Bethlehem and prominent people of the city. Every one turns out—men, women and children—to see and greet the procession with cheers. There are gorgeous Roman Catholic ceremonials which last until midnight, when a long procession carrying lighted candles goes to the Grotto of the Nativity. There are a cross bearer, monks, churchmen, the bishop of Jerusalem and laymen. The bishop carries in his hands a cradle, containing a waxen image of the infant Christ, all, of course, bedecked with gold embroidery and silken clothing, which he deposits in the marble manger, repeating the words, "And here they laid it in a manger because there was no place for them at the inn." The services frequently last until 2 o'clock.

Many of the people of Bethlehem gain a livelihood by selling to tourists beads, carved mother of pearl shells, small tables, crucifixes, cuff buttons made of olive wood and cards on which are arranged and pressed the flowers of the neighborhood. These are sold in great quantities, as every tourist is anxious to bring away a souvenir of Bethlehem. It was once customary for the visitors to the tomb of Christ to bring away a more lasting memorial of their visit than the wooden or shell ornaments, and this was no more or less than to have crosses, stars and monograms marked upon their bodies with gunpowder.—New York Herald.

ALSATIAN COOKERY.

Stewed Hare With Noodles One of the Traditional Dishes.

Alsace still preserves her traditions of cookery, and every Christmastide the traditional dishes appear on the table—sauerkraut, surrounded by little white sausages and crowned by a piece of smoked bacon; stewed hare, with noodles, and roast goose stuffed with chestnuts.

But the favorite dish is the famous kugelhopf and aniseed bread, which are made after the following fashion:

Four pounds of flour, a pound of fresh butter, a pint of milk, half a pound of raisins, 6 ounces of yeast, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of rum, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and a few almonds. Heat the milk and the yeast. Mix the yeast with a third of the milk without frothing it, add enough flour to form a ball of light paste that will not stick to the fingers. Let this remain for half an hour until its size is increased by half through fermentation. The proper point can be ascertained by putting the finger into the paste, when it should take its original form. Then put the rest of the milk, with the butter, sugar and rum, into the dish. Place it in an earthern pot and work it till it will no longer stick either to the pot or to the fingers. Then add the 2 eggs and the raisins, working all together, and put it in a hot furnace for an hour.

Kugelhopf is generally eaten cold.—Exchange.

CHRISTMAS IN BRITTANY.

The Aged Women Remembered by the Country Folk at Midnight Mass.

In Britanny, in France, a curious custom in almsgiving is of very old origin. When the country folk go to the midnight mass, the opening mass, of Christmas day, they all carry lanterns to light them on their way. Upon their arrival at the church they give their lanterns over to the poor old women of the parish, who are gathered in a crowd outside the church awaiting them.

The worshipers enter the sacred building and then attend to the devotions, which the church teaches should be of especial fervor at this holy season. But when the mass is ended, and they are dismissed with the benediction, they come forth to find the patient old women awaiting them outside the church bearing the lanterns. The lanterns are given back to their owners, and as each takes his own he exchanges for it a piece of money. The value of the piece varies, but the alms are always considerable, and they stand as an exponent of that charity which the church teaches to its children. The old women go home in happiness, their hearts lightened by the weight of silver that lies above them, but the givers go home yet more happy in the consciousness of welldoing.—Exchange.

The Yuletide Log.

Christmas eve is the time to put the Yule log on the fire. In old times it was the custom to bring it into the house with great ceremony and merriment.

The Yule log was always lighted with the brand of the last year's log, which was carefully preserved for this purpose. The burning of the log had the effect of purifying the house of evil spirits. It must be lighted, therefore, with clean hands.

With the Yule log went the Christmas candles, which were lighted at the same time and placed, wreathed with evergreen, in the most conspicuous portion of the room. In Catholic times the candles were often of three branches, signifying the Trinity.—Exchange.

The Blossoming Thorn Tree.

At Glastonbury, in south England, there is a thorn tree which is believed to blossom on Christmas day, and then again about Easter.

The Kneeling Cattle.

In many parts of Germany it is believed that oxen fall on their knees in the stalls at the moment of Christ's nativity.

OLD CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

Some Ancient English Ways of Making Merry at This Season.

In the olden times Christmastide was essentially the season of sports, and few relics of the olden days are recurred to with more zest by our fathers than the mirthful games and the goodly frolics which were wont to usher in the days of "merrie Christmas." At the present day, while Christmas parties and merrymakings are still formed to render the dark season of December more enlivening and cheerful, yet the sports of Christmas are very different now from what they were 100 years or more ago. True it is that hoodman blind, snapdragon and hunt the slipper still survive to a greater or less extent, but the good old English merrymakings, like the good old English melodies, appear to be banished from our doors, and nothing is left of them but tradition.

Christmas was in its best estate in the days of the good Queen Bess, and it is a pleasant reflection to think what "high jinks" Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and the rest of that right merry crew must have indulged in. Then was the time when the boar's head was brought to the table amid the blare of trumpets and the beating of drums, while the whole company sang pæans in its praise. The brown October ale flowed without stint, the fire blazed and crackled with the Yule log, while the Lord of Misrule, without whom Christmas would be as nothing, put in practice all the arts of which he was the master, when the games lasted for a full month and every one was made happy for a twelvemonth.

Only fancy "the worshipful master Shakespeare" enacting the part of the Lord of Misrule at the court of Elizabeth, while the queen and Leicester and Essex and Southampton and Pembroke and Raleigh and that "ponderous sink of learning," Bacon, and the whole bevy of beauties took part in the revelries. Ah, those were brave times!

What we call Christmas sports now were in England of very ancient origin, and the Druids celebrated during the winter solstice the rites in honor of Thor, one of the Scandinavian deities, and some few of the customs by which the festivities attendant upon Christmas in later days were characterized may be traced to the established ceremonies in honor of that heathen deity. Thus the practice of adorning the house with mistletoe has been derived from the use of that plant in the Druidical ceremonies, and other customs which obtained in England but a few years since are referable to the same origin.—Boston Herald.

CHRISTMAS MENU.

It May Be Indicated by Quotations Rather Than Names of Dishes.

Let the menu cards be two holly leaves, joined at the points on the upper side and arranged to stand up in front of each plate. Paint both outer surfaces the color of the leaves and write the menu inside. This should be indicated by quotations rather than by the names of the dishes themselves. For instance:

"An oyster may be crossed in love."

"Beautiful soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen,
Who to such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening—beautiful soup!"

"Canst thou catch any fishes there?"

"Some wish a pinion, some prefer a leg;
Some for a merry thought, or side bone, beg."

"My more having is a sauce to make me hunger more."

"No man's pie is freed from his ambitious finger."

"How fresh you are and green in this old world!"

"Cheese is indeed a peevish elf,
Digesting all things but itself."

"Coffee, which makes the politician wise."

"Sublime tobacco, which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest."

"I will show myself highly fed."

"All's well that ends well."
—New York Herald.

Austrian Gastronomy.

The gastronomical taste of Austria differs very materially from that of Germany. Fried carp, little sausages, noodles and cakes flavored with pears compose the ordinary menu of the middle class Viennese, but on Christmas day roast turkey, or, in the absence of that, goose, with potatoes, is the simple feast on the Austrian's table. The turkey is dressed with apples and German vermicelli mixed with honey and poppy seeds. Poppy seeds are also baked in the bread and so arranged as to form a cross when the bread is cut. The dessert is of hasty pudding, in which is mixed almonds in addition to the usual cream, sugar and butter. This is then run off into little tarts, which are served individually to the diners.—New York World.

Telling the Bees.

In Devonshire, England, a messenger is sent from the house of the farmer to tell the bees that Christmas day has come, and they are supposed to greet the glad tidings with a joyful hum.

Knecht Rupert.

Santa Claus was introduced into America by the Dutch of Holland. He is the American representative of the German Knecht Rupert.

A Christmas Lyric.

Christmus comin—don't you fret—
Carve dat possum fine!
Gwine ter get ter glory yet—
Carve dat possum fine!

Oh, believers,
See de bright light shine!
De fife en drum
Say Christmus come—
So carve dat possum fine!

Christmus comin crost de hill—
Carve dat possum fine!
De cider foam, en de 'lasses spill—
Carve dat possum fine!

Oh, believers,
See de bright light shine!
De fife en drum
Say Christmus come—
So carve dat possum fine!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Church

JONES' TABERNACLE NOTES.

Rev. S Puryear filled Rev. A. Wakefield's pulpit last Sunday, morning and night.

The turkey supper and concert Tuesday night was a success.

Mrs. S Maxey of Jones street, is improving.

Miss Hester Yager, 289 Indiana avenue is on the sick list.

Rev. A. Wakefield returned from St. Louis last Tuesday afternoon.

The Sunday schools held a reception from 4:30 to 11 p. m. Friday.

The very best literary talent of the city will participate in the Holiday Dulcet at the "Old Second."

NINTH PRESBYTERIAN NOTES.

The Sunday school is preparing an excellent program for the Christmas tree on Dec. 25.

Rev. Lawton will return the first of January.

Rev. McIntosh, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian church, will lecture to the young people to-morrow at 4 p. m. under the auspices of the Young Peoples' Aid Society. The Primary Department of the Sunday school will open services with singing. Baritone solo, W. H. Hunt. Public invited.

The Indianapolis literary will meet at the church next Tuesday evening.

The Nightengale of song, Mrs. Ella Crosby at the Second Baptist Church on the 30th

CORINTHIAN CHURCH NOTES.

An excellent sermon was preached by Rev. Backshear last Sunday morning, subject, "Jesus the Redeemer."

The social given Wednesday night by Mrs. V. Lewis' club was well attended, as were those at the residences of Mrs. Sallie Shelton and Mrs. S. A. Coleman.

The cantata, the "Prophet of Nazareth" will be given at the church, Tuesday evening, Dec. 29th, with a chorus of 75 voices.

The low register basso profundo Mr. W. D Collins at the Holiday Dulcet at the Second Baptist church on the 30th. The Hoosier Mocking Bird Mme M. L. Terry at the Holiday Dulcet.

GARFIELD CHURCH NOTES.

The church is doing good work under her new pastor, Rev. R. H. Sample.

Miss Maggie Hancock read an essay in Sunday school subject' "Trust in God."

We have a Young People's Union, which meets every Wednesday evening.

Miss Susie Trabue is convalescent.

"Santa Claus" will make his annual visit to us on Dec. 26th, and the little folks are preparing to give him a grand reception.

You should hear the up-to-date contralto Mrs. Kathryn Crossen-Harper, at the Second Baptist church on the 30th.

ALLEN CHAPEL NOTES.

Mrs. Caroline Anderson is on the sick list

The funeral of William Keene was held last Sunday at 2 o'clock p.m., Rev. Murray, officiating.

Rev. L Stokes preached an interesting sermon last Sunday evening.

Rev. Hubbard Brewer of Columbus, is in the city visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Brewer, Lincoln avenue.

A cantata, "Santa Claus' Reception" will be given by the Sunday school children Dec 25.

The choir is rendering some fine music under their new director Chas. Green

A cantata, the "Haymakers," will be rendered New Year's night. Admission 15 cents.

Rev. L. Stokes will leave this week for Franklin to take charge of the A. M. E. church, made vacant by the death of Rev. J. Mitchem.

Mrs. Mary Johnson's father, Mr. Edwards of Terre Haute, is very sick.

Rev. A. Smith of Vincennes, Rev. J Bundy, P. E., of Chicago, were guests of Rev. Murray last week.

"Deceitfulness" is the announced theme for next Sunday evening by the pastor. The Magnolia Concert Co. will sing several songs at the evening service.

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

The five o'clock prayer meeting is growing in interest, Eighty-five persons were present

Sunday school was well attended. Extensive preparations are being made for holiday entertainments.

An appreciative audience greeted the Rev. J. C. Coleman of Windsor, Can., who preached a good sermon at 11 a.m.

Dr. Carr preached for Rev. Wilson at 3 p. m. last Sabbath. At 8 p. m. Rev. Geo. T. A. Johns, a native of Congo, Africa, and a graduate of Lincoln University and missionary to Africa under the auspices of the American National Foreign Baptist Mission Convention preached to about 1800. The duet by Misses Marie Coleman and Eunis Carr was excellent.

The Ladies' Circle was entertained at the residence of Mrs Alice Posey in Hiawatha street last Thursday.

Rev. Geo. T. A. Johns left for St. Louis the 14th. He addressed the Ministerial Alliance Monday and received $100 by subscription for African Missions. He was the guest of Dr. Carr during his stay.

A PRECIOUS ROGUE.

HE WAS EXCEEDINGLY CLEVER IN FEIGNING EPILEPTIC FITS.

His Desperate Expedient to Maintain His Standing—Carefully Watched by Experts For a Long Time—Finally Betrayed In a Simple Manner.

Dr. Robert Safford Newton tells an interesting story of an impostor who successfully feigned epilepsy for a great number of years, in spite of the fact that he was watched by the most skillful neurologists.

"How to feign epileptic fits forms a necessary part of the education of many criminals in Europe and America. In England, where it has been successfully worked for a great many years and is well known to the police, the feigning of epilepsy is called 'throwing of fits' and 'dummy chucking.' It is invariably worked in threes, after this formula: Two men, evidently friends, are walking along the street, when suddenly one of them falls in an epileptic fit. The friend of the sick man pretends to be greatly worried and gives all of his attention to the resuscitation. Naturally enough, a crowd gathers around. The third man lifts pocketbooks and watches and makes off with them.

"There is one man whose career as a feigner of epilepsy is most remarkable. This man's name was Craig, and my first knowledge of him was when I was connected with the Whitechapel Road House hospital, the biggest hospital in England. It had been noticed that whenever Craig fell in a fit in the streets of London, reports were sent in to the police of money and jewelry lost. He was more than suspected and was sent into the hospital, both to be treated and to be watched. This man was a perfect fraud, but he was so well up in his acting that though he was most carefully watched he escaped detection. He was a valuable man, but perhaps his pals feared that the London police had too close an eye on their movements. At all events Craig was next heard of in America. The old formula was repeated. He fell in fits, and valuables stolen were reported to the police. He was shifted around from hospital to hospital, and a careful watch was kept upon him, both when he was in one of these fits and in the time of their intermission.

"Craig began to think that a 'coup de theatre' was necessary to save his reputation. He was at this time confined in a hospital and was in one of the upper wards in the front part of the building. There were doors that opened out on a balcony. This balcony was 38 feet from the ground, and at its base there was a solid stone pavement. Epileptics are usually a dull, stupid sort of people, even when not in fits, and Craig feigned this stupidity as well as the other symptoms of the disease. He was allowed to wander about the hospital pretty much as he pleased, and every once in awhile down he would fall in a fit. The doctors had not discovered his fraud, but Craig felt more than uneasy at the way he was watched and suspected. One morning he got up from his chair, and, with a dazed sort of a look, at the same time putting his hands up to his head, he staggered toward the balcony and tumbled over backward—down, down, the full 38 feet—to the stone pavement below. When he was picked up, it was found that one of his wrists was broken and that he was otherwise hurt, though, wonderful to tell, not seriously. Of course this settled in the minds of the doctors the doubt that had previously existed as to whether he was a fraud or not. The thing worked exactly as Craig had planned that it should, and in course of time he was discharged as a true but incurable epileptic. Once again on the outside, he worked successfully the old game of fits and pocket picking in threes.

"Once more he was taken up and sent to the hospital. Here a young doctor set for himself the task of watching this clever rogue. He had every symptom. He would froth at the mouth, blood would stream from his tongue that he had bitten in his convulsions, and there seemed nothing wanting in real epilepsy. But this young doctor kept his vigil, and patience had its reward.

"One day, just as Craig was going through the preliminaries before falling—the looking dazed, the slowly attempting to fight off the coming spasms, the clinching of the hands—the young doctor who was watching him observed that, instead of closing the hands with the fingers over the thumbs, as would have been the case necessarily in true epilepsy—for the thumb, having the shorter muscle, must feel the contracting force first—Craig shut his hands with the fingers on the inside of the thumbs. The doctor gave him a gentle kick in the side and said: 'That'll do, Craig. I've caught you. You are a fraud. You've done your tricks well and for a long time, but your time is up. If you had been a true epileptic or just a little better read in medicine, you would have closed the fingers over the thumbs.' Without a single protest Craig straightened up and said, 'Well, I knew it was bound to come some time.'"

"What became of the man?"

"Oh, his talents found a market. He was so well known, had been so written up for the medical journals of both Europe and America, that the doctors hired him to go before medical students and demonstrate to them how epilepsy could be feigned and also to explain how these pretenders were taught in England and elsewhere. To counterfeit the frothing at the mouth they used a small piece of soap. If there was any danger of detection, they could swallow both soap and froth. With a little sharp knife a stab could be given to the tongue which would simulate the biting of that member."—New York Tribune.

Rockers.

As far back as the seventh century the venerable Bede wrote, "The women now are so luxurious that they do have chairs with wooden circles on the legs and which sway back and forth in such sort that it maketh one sick to behold them."

KEPT HIS WORD.

A Supernatural Voice Was Heard In the Composing Room.

The talk had turned to the supernatural, and a man who has been the foreman of a newspaper composing room for a good many years down in Virginia told the following story in the presence of a reporter: "There used to be a young fellow by the name of Blank, who worked at a case in —— office. He was a nimble typesetter and a very nice kind of a boy. But he would wander about the country. That, you know, is a characteristic of the typesetting fraternity. I never liked the habit and never indulged in it to any considerable extent myself. I told him one day that he would come to a bad end.

"'If ever I am in trouble, I will call on you, Frank,' he replied generally.

"Well, one day he came to me, and throwing his stick on the imposing stone said that he was going to leave the office and go to Norfolk. I tried to dissuade him, but all to no purpose. He was a headstrong fellow, and that settled it. About a week later I was busy at the forms, getting the inside pages ready to send to the cellar. The clock in the city hall had just struck midnight. Suddenly I heard my name called. I thought it was one of the boys in the office who was calling, and I made no immediate reply. Again I heard some one call in a very distinct voice. This time I recognized it as Blank's voice.

"'Blank is out in the street, and he is calling you, Frank,' said one of the compositors.

"I walked over to the front window, threw up the sash and peered out. The street was silent and deserted. Not a living thing was to be seen.

"'What do you want, Blank?' I called out.

"There was no reply. I shut the window and went back to the page which I had been making up.

"'I thought that I heard Blank's voice,' I said to my assistant.

"'So you did,' he replied. 'We all heard him call.'

"And so they had. The next day a telegram reached the office saying that Blank had been run over and killed by a train near Norfolk about midnight. Blank had kept his word. He called on me when he was in trouble. He probably died calling for me."—Washington Star.

A LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES.

He Tells a Little Girl of an Adventure When He Was a Boy.

Isabella Graham Murdock contributes to St. Nicholas an experience of her school day life, in which she quotes the following interesting letter that she received from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

BOSTON, March 15, 1880.

MY DEAR MISS ISABELLA—Here is one little incident of my life which I have never told in print:

When I was a little boy, I got upon a raft one day—a few boards laid together—which floated about in a pond—a very small pond, but rather bigger round than a dinner table. It was big enough, anyhow, to drown a little boy, and came pretty near doing it, for, while I was stooping over the edge of the raft, I slipped and went souse into the water.

I remember a great sound in my ears—"guggle, guggle," I said, it was, when they asked me about it—and a desperate struggle, feeling that I was going to be drowned, just as little Sam Childs had been, and then all at once my whole past life seemed to flash before me as a train of cars going a thousand miles an hour—if such a speed were possible—would pass in one long crowded streak before the eyes of a person standing by the railroad.

I had never heard that this was a common experience with persons who are near drowning, but I have since heard of many cases where the same flash of their past lives has come before drowning people who have been rescued and have told about it.

You may put this story in your essay, if you like.

I get a great many letters from young persons, and it takes a great deal of my time to answer them, so I think I am quite good natured this evening to tell you all this. Don't you think so, dear Miss Isabella? Very truly yours, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Horned Rattlesnake.

The oddest specimen of the snake family known to the American naturalist, not taking into consideration the two headed snake and other monstrosities of that ilk, is the horned rattlesnake, which up to a few years ago was thought to be one of the rarest as well as one of the most poisonous of serpents. Prior to the time when Dr. C. Hart Merriam made the famous Death valley exploring expedition, in 1892 3, but few specimens of it, and those mostly from the western desert regions, had been collected. The Death valley explorers say that Death valley is literally alive with them. They have horns on top of their heads and are the smallest rattlers known.—St. Louis Republic.

Gold Anklets on a Girl Cyclist.

At one of the London railway termini the other day a handsome and stylish looking girl created considerable interest. She was wearing a becoming cycling dress and had her machine with her. Her skirts were short enough to display a massive gold cable chain anklet just above her left ankle. If her object was to attract attention to the undoubted "shapeliness" of that portion of her anatomy and to an uncommonly neat pair of oxford shoes, she was eminently successful, for all eyes were turned downward toward her feet as presenting quite an interesting novelty.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Property and Industry.

Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let no man who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus, by example, assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when it is built.—Abraham Lincoln.

The white camellia has been a favorite flower in France ever since the publication of Dumas' "La Dame aux Camelias." In that country it is regarded as symbolic of loveliness.

A kilogram, or 1,000 grams of the French system, is about equivalent to 2½ pounds.

Voice Culture.

Mr. George T. Anderson of Detroit, will be pleased to receive pupils for private instructions in voice culture. Anyone desiring instructions will be received any afternoon of next week between the hours of one and five at 128 West Vermont street, where information pertaining to the terms for instructions can be obtained.

No Charge for Embalming.

No charge for embalming unless the body is preserved. Why have your friends unfit to be seen on the day of the funeral?—Flanner & Buchanan.

Night School.

All persons of school age who wish to attend a night school in the districts of 23 and 24, should announce themselves during December to the superintendent of schools. If a sufficient number of names are given, the night school will be instituted after the holidays.

SEND YOUR NAME to Cataro Co., Elkhart, Ind., and receive free—well wait and see.

Sudden Death.

Clarksville, Tenn., Special.

William Barber died at his home on Dec. 10th, after a long illness. The funeral was held at St. Peters' church. Mr. Barker was one of our best known citizens. Mrs. Warfield, wife of Chas. Warfield, died suddenly at her home on the 12th. Henry Haines and Miss Nancy Reaves were married Dec. 11th.

C. H. & D. Milage.

The C. H. & D. Commercial one thousand mile tickets, sold at $20.00 will hereafter be good on the following roads: Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago, New York, Chicago and St. Louis, Michigan Central between Toledo and Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City, Terre Haute and Indianapolis, Baltimore and Ohio, west of Pittsburg and Benwood, B. and O. Southwestern, Peoria, Decatur and Evansville, Indianapolis, Decatur and Western, Cleveland, Terminal and Valley, N. Y. P. and O. Div. Erie, Pittsburg and Western, Dayton and Union, Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo, Findlay, Fort Wayne and Western. Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling.

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412 N. WEST STREET.
Dealer in Staple and
Fancy Groceries.
Teas, Coffees, Canned Goods. Fresh Eggs, Choice Butter and Poultry.

You are always treated right at
TOM COLLINS'
DRUG STORE,
52 Indiana Avenue.
☞ Give him a call.

Two Secrets:
I have two secrets that every lady needs. One is to dye cloth so it will look glossy like Silk; the other is to make Bar Soap at 1c a pound. You can make money on these two secrets, make the soap and sell it to your neighbors; you can also sell the dye secret. Send 50c in silver, (no stamps) to
A. SCOTT,
Box 22. Burnett, Indiana.

Buy from the Manufacturer
SPECIAL BARGAINS IN
JACKETS
CAPES
COLLARETTES, etc.
INTERNATIONAL FUR CO.
25 West Washington Street | The Only Exclusive Fur House in the State.

"THE GUARANTEE"
WISHES YOU ALL
A MERRY XMAS.
WE RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT YOUR VALUED WANTS IN
FINE SHOES
MAKER TO WEARER. | Have you tried us?
THE GUARANTEE.
Corner Illinois and Market Streets.

WE WISH YOU
"A Merry Christmas,"
and invite you to call on
R. A. McCANN,
DEALER IN
Groceries, Fresh and Smoked Meats.
44 & 46 INDIANA AVENUE.
☞ Call and see the beautiful Silverware we are giving away.

CLARK'S
Umbrellas for Christmas Presents
Our OWN MAKE. Re-covering and re-lining in all its branches.
Marlowe Block. 11 Indiana Avenue.

RINK'S
Just the thing for Christmas Gifts:

Mink Collars, with 4-tails, in fancy boxes,	$2.50
Stone Marten Scarf, 2 tails, in fancy boxes	$2.50
Stone Marten Scarfs, 8 tails, in fancy boxes	$3.50
Stone Marten Collarettes in fancy boxes	$5.00
Brown Marten Collarettes in fancy boxes	$6.00
Beaver Scarfs in fancy boxes	$5.00
Otter Scarfs in fancy boxes	$5.00
Astrakan Scarfs in fancy boxes	$3.00
Thibet Scarfs in fancy boxes	$2.50

The above prices go as long as we have them. They will go quick as this is about half price. MUFFS go at same reduction.
RINK'S

SILKS

Black Silks are always first among elegant Xmas presents; some new Satins and Peau de Soies just recieved should make this counter a specially favored one.

AN EARLY ARRIVAL of Spring Foulards will be on sale Monday—we did not expect these until Jan. 1st. Price $1.00 a yard.

Plaid Taffetas

A Holiday purchase of these twenty-one different designs in dollar quality 89c

Christmas Novelties

This department in the back part of our first floor is a veritable exposition of suitable gifts—useful, ornamental, practical and sentimental. You follow your own taste, but you are sure to get something up-to-date and choice.

L. S. Ayres, & Co.

Agents for Butterick's Patterns.

CITY HAPPENINGS--PERSONAL.

In New York, Henderson Skinner.

D. D. Hunter is in Louisville, Ky.

Sam Faison of Chicago, is in the city.

Jas. E. Reed has returned to Shelybville.

Headquarters in Chicago, Charles Jordan.

Hear Mrs. Dr. Porter at the Holiday Dulcet.

Miss Sadie Means of Knightstown, is in the city.

Miss Susie Adams of Louisville has located in the city.

Mr. W. H. Walker the celebrated cornetist at the Holiday Dulcet.

Wm. Roberts is visiting friends and relatives in Kokomo.

Eugene Bass has returned to his home in Connersville.

Mrs. Ada Sanders is visiting her mother in Columbus, O

Hear the artistic chorus at the Holiday Dulcet.

Rev. A. L. Murray lectured Wednesday night in Connersville.

Miss Georgia Stevenson will spend the holidays in Springfield, O.

Rev. L. G. Jordan, of Philadelphia, Pa., was in the city last week.

The entertainment of the season, the Holiday Dulcet on the 30th.

Miss Lucinda Fields of Paris, Ky., is stopping at 264 Fayette street.

Miss Cora Jackson will visit friends in Washington, D. C., next week.

Wait for the Holiday Dulcet at the Second Baptist Church on the 30th.

Mt. Zion Baptist church will hold their 26th anniversay the 21-22.

Mrs. Jane Allen of Chicago, a former resident, is visiting in the city.

Mme. Essie Fry-Hurt, the Queen of song at the Holiday Dulcet.

Rev. M. C. Elzy is now pastor of the West Indianapolis Baptist church.

Miss Lillie Ward will spend the holidays in Richmond with Miss Lillian Carter.

Chas. W. Goyns, after spending several months in Dayton, O., has returned to the city.

No charge for embalming unless the body is preserved. Our work is always first-class. Flanner & Buchanan

Amos Pope assistant custodian of the monument died Thursday evening of consumption.

For fine Choice Candies, don't fail to go to the Chicago Candy Kitchen, 94 N. Illinois Street.

Rev. W. H. Harris of Steubenville, Ky., occupied the pulpit at Simpson Chapel last Sunday.

The gold medal duetist, Misses Lena Howard and Ora Spires on the 30th.

Presiding Elder Thompson conducted communion services at the North East Mission last Sunday at 3 p. m.

A large amount of local and other interesting reading matter was unavoidably crowded out this week.

The second annual meeting of the colored Benevolent Society will take place to-morrow afternoon.

Booker T. Washingron will lecture at Plymouth church Jan. 13 under the auspices of the McCullough Club.

Miss Etta Smith, who has been the guest of Miss Nellie Parker, has returned to her home in Knoxville, Tenn.

Mme Essie Fry-Hurt will be the star of the evening at the Holiday Dulcet.

Mrs. Susie M. White, 71 Fayette street, is training a class composed of twenty boys and girls in voice culture.

Miss Mamie Williams left last night for Boston, Mass., which city she will make her future home. Miss Williams was accompanied by Mis Saddie Valentine.

Paul Floyd, John Goodall, Harry Dunnigan and Fred Dixon left last Sunday for New Albany to join "South Before the War" company.

Don't fail to hear Mrs. Lillian Thomas-Fox, the scientific elecutionist at the Holiday Dulcet.

Christmas Candies, hand made in abundance at Chicago Candy Kitchen, 94 N. Illinois Street.

Rev. E. W. S. Hammonds, late editor of the South Western Christian Advocate, is mentioned as the probable successor to Dr. L. M. Hagood of Simpson Chapel.

For the general benefit of the young people of the city, the Holiday Dulcet.

Rev. N. A. Seymour has brought before the New Bethel Baptist Church Literary a serial number of questions to be discussed by the society. They will meet each Monday night.

No charge for embalming unless the body is preserved. Why have your friends unfit to be seen on the day of the funeral?—Flanner & Buchanan.

The members of the Indianapolis National Business Association met last Monday evening at Mt. Zion Baptist church. A very interesting meeting was held. Among some of the measure adopted was the choosing of a board of directors. This body is composed 13 mail persons, who constitute the executive department of the organization. The meeting was well attended and lawyers J. T. V. Hill and O. V. Royall were present and delivered interesting addresses.

In an interview with Manager Zimmerman of the Empire Theatre yesterday, he said: "We do not discriminate against colored people at this house. They are accorded the same treatment as our white patrons." We are glad to give notice to such statements, as the best colored shows on the road play at this house This bold stand taken by Manager Zimmerman is a commendable one, since it is the only theatre in the city that does not discriminate against colored people.

Black Patti will have a magnificent opportunity to display her incomparable voice in the "grand operatic kaleidoscope" which is one of the attractive features of the "Black Patti's Troubadours" performance. This portion of the entertainment is said te be exceedingly novel and attractive. It consists of a rapid review of the most popular selections taken from the standard grand and comic opera in which Black Patti sings the leading roles assisted by a quartette of soloists and a grand chorus of thirty splendidly trained voices. The various operatic selections are presented in a manner which never fails to excite enthusiasm, and the excellence of the company's work has won the highest encomiums of praise The costumes worn in this review are said to be extremely rich and costly and were made expressly for the "Troubadours" by the famous costumer Herrman, who was formerly with Sir Henry Irving.

"BLACK PATTI'S TROUBADOURS,"

The Greatest Colored Show on Earth—To Appear Next Week at The Empire Theatre, This City.

Vaudeville, comedy, burlesque, and opera interpreted by fifty of the best artists ever organized for this style of entertainments will be the stage offering of "Black Patti's Troubadours" on the occasion of their performance in

MME. SISSIERETTA JONES.
The star of "Black Patti" Troubadours.

this city. The company is practically a double one with "Black Patti" as the star of the operatic and singing forces and Tom McIntosh, the greatest of all ebony comedians as the leader of funmakers. The first part of the entertainment is devoted to the comedy forces which include Henry Wise, Bob Coles, and Stella Wiley, delsartean dancers, Billy Johnson descriptive vocalits, Goggin and Davis knock about acrobats, Kingsbury and Cousins instrumentalists, May Bohee, the Creole nightingale and a chorus of thirty pretty girls with well trained voices. "At Jolly Coney Island" is the title of the opening skit which introduces the company on the "Bowery" of this famous resort, a scene which has been faithfully reproduced on canvass by Harley Merry and sons, and which was painted from sketches taken on the spot. Here is where the fun begins and where the audience is led to view all the humorous characteristics of this resort by the sea. The skit, to use a theatrical term, is full of "hot stuff," song, story and dance in which the entire company invest all the enthusiasm characteristic of their race, reigns supreme for forty minutes. Incidental to the scenes, various character types are introduced, such as the "Bathing Girl," the "New Bicycle Woman," the "Coon Singer" and "buck dancer," the "Bunco Steerer," the Con Man" with the glad hand, and the "Couchee Couchee" girl from the midway and many other peculiar creatures which Coney Island's Bowery is noted for

Following the skit comes the great Vaudeville Olio in which all the clever specialty performers contribute their star acts Then comes the greatest feature of the performance which is called the Operatic Kaleidoscope in which the singing forces of the company led by "Black Patti" present reminiscences of "Faust," Carmen," "Trovatore," "Grand Dutchess,""Tar and Tar Tar," "Daughter of the Regiment," "Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "Rigoletto" and "Luccia."

It is said that the solo and ensemble singing of "Black Patti" and her associates in the operatic review is incomparably grand. Such a blending of fifty voices in inspiring operatic selections has rarely been equalled by the great Italian opera companies. It is in this work where the company is absolutely supreme, and which affords a music feast which never fails of pleasing everybody. The public approval of this portion of the entertainment some times take a sensational form for it is not uncommon for audiences to reward "Black Patti's" song with cheers as hearty and vociferous as any accorded to the eloquence of a Bryan or a Cochran.

"SWAMP ANGEL" ON THE WING.

"The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its work is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen and the flashing eye is dim."

Now comes the parting year—a season for reflection. We glance along the dim vista of time, and review our past. As we stand on the verge of the departing year, in the far distance we hear re-echoing the last sounds of our events. But, arouse! Let us not linger too long at thy grave—weep not for the dying year! 'Tis well, remorseless time has spared us, for the people have pursued us even unto death, with blood in their eyes and unkind words on their lips. They have planned and plotted to stay our steady hand, but we press nobly on.

***

Indianapolis has been subject to the the many changes that befall all metropolitan cities during the past year, consequently Lotts of people have Settled in our community, and it Knox all how even the rankest stranger is so easily impressed. The cunning Fox still bask mid the sunshine of shrubs and Bowers unmolested. The Robbins have flown over Hill and dale, but will return again. Ward has returned from Anderson in a deep, Brown study.

***

Naturally, we meet many persons who extend their Palm (er) but we usually Dodd (ge) them. Baughman is seriously contemplating a business trip to Georgia. Take our advice: Listen for the parting knell, and "loiter" not by the wayside The path to fame may not be strewn with flowers, but the efforts put forth by the boys are noble and Royal, and Heart(ily) commended. Cooper will Wade the matrimonial sea in the near future, if there are no Riffs to Coole his plans. Blair will take a trip to Jackson, while Jefferson will go to Morgan(town.

***

That dreadful(?) bicycle party-blow was both Ruth(less) and Grace(less) and rather Harras(sing.) It was shameful and (un)Man(fully) about that trollyparty last summer, but since we are using Furniss(es) had almost forgotten the unpleasant occasion. Simms' favorite flower is the Lilly, yet "there are others" he likes also. Ere(mine) I go to Boston for an indefinite period, shall release my claim on the h—l box. We extend our Palm(er) to Stokes and welcome him in our midst, If there are no Baughs(man) Cincinnati may yet win from us a prize. Floyd may make some improvements by over(Haul)ing in the spring, if he does not return to Ohio.

***

The bewitching little Starling may overtake the Waggon(er) before the fall of '97. The "You-Ain't-Good-as-Me-Circle" died a bornin'—a righteous, timely, death. Our ubiquitous foreman, Simmons will visit Terre Haute and Charlestown, Goin(s) by way of Brightwood. Jackson, assistant, will leave in the spring for Australia. McClelland has not yet surrendered, and Lee still languishes. Columbus has released the Mora claim, and will again sail for the East.

***

Indianapolis Widows' Musings: "We are large in number, and each week brings in new members; we are goodlooking, sound and healthy, can sew, sing, bake and brew, but there is yet something lacking. We have solmenly vowed to club together to protect our sisters from slaving for worthless, shiftless husbands, but now and then some will leave us, but weep not, for we know thy sojourn from us will be brief. A heavy penalty will hereafter be imposed on all seeking a third entrance to our club, unless they are willing to become a life-time member."

***

They have removed from Atlasville—closer now.

***

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of the Twentieth Century Club!

***

"Come, Birdie Come," was sung with great effect by a certain club member recently.

***

A young married man, who resides West, calls too frequently on a shy and pretty maiden.

***

Several members of a certain club of the West side are making frequent visits in the East end—something up.

***

A certain ex-policeman makes himself rather scarce on the boulevard, but its all over now—"there are others."

***

Grinning, whispering, and laughing during church service is an abomination, and the evil should be suppressed.

***

A certain lady, not long since a bride, was rapped over the head with one of her highly prized wedding presents by her miscreant husband recently.

***

He had spent the summer away, but when he saw the Myrtle begin to face and thought of the times he was having, he said, "I must be Goin(g)" and he is here.

***

When in our prosperity, when friends bow and smile, when we are wined and dined, when flowers are thrown at our feet, when all the world stands amazed, forget not the friends who knew thee in adversity.

***

Cornbread and biscuit are, seemingly very small and insignificant articles, but they caused the demolition of several chairs and pitchers, and filled a home with sadness. Moral: Always cook two kinds of bread.

***

"Some people are not willing to cast their bread upon the waters unless they are assured beforehand that it will come back in a few days a full-grown sandwich, all trimmed with ham, butter and mustard, rolled up in a warranty deed for one-half of the earth and a mortgage for the other half.

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

The Herculean Club will have their annual reception Dec. 29th.

Miss Georgia Stevenson is at home to her many friends, 447 W. Pratt street

Mrs. Eliza Wells will entertain at her home in Howard street during the holidays.

Geo. Woods entertained a few friends at a "stag" at his home in South State avenue Thursday of last week.

Richard Spaulding and Miss Emma Parker were united in marriage recently. Only a few friends were present.

Mr. and Mrs. George Goins will celebrate their seventh wedding anniversary next Thursday evening at their home in Mayhew street.

The young lady friends of Miss Margaret Ewing gave her a "Linen shower" Thursday evening in honor of her approaching nuptials.

Mrs. L. Brown entertained a few friends at her home in West, North street Sunday in honor of Miss Mary Waggoner of Terre Haute.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore entertained the members and friends of the Ninth Presbyterian church at their home in Howard street Monday night.

Invitations are out for a reception and banquet to be given by the Calla Lilly Club at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fines, 20 Summer street, Dec. 25th.

Miss Jessie Thomas will entertain at her home, 1474 North Senate avenue, during the holidays, Misses Lizzie L Roberts, Lucy Overstreet, and Maggie Freeman, of Nicholasville, Ky.

Last Tuesday evening about 10 o'clock a party called at Bethel parsonage and demanded the immediate presence of Rev D. A. Graham and wife at the church. The pastor and wife reluctantly acceded to the demand after much persuasion. When they entered they found the parlors filled with people, and a large table in the center of the room piled with everything in the grocery line, from a bag of salt to a sack of flour, canned fruit, etc. Dr. Elbert briefly made the presentation speech was responded to by the pastor. The surprise was complete, and both pastor and wife enjoyed it immensely.

The Young Peoples' Aid Society of the Ninth Presbyterian church, gave a musicale at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Taylor in North Alabama street Tuesday evening, Dec. 15th. The program was well rendered by the following well known artists: Duet, instrumental, Miss Myrtle Hart and Mrs. Georgia Porter; solo. Miss Cora Jackson; violin solo, Prof. Dawson; piano accompanist, Mrs. Georgia Porter; instrumental solo, Miss Nannie Riffe; solo, Miss Georgia Stevenson. Mrs. Jennie Taylor, the hostess, appeared twice on the program with a select reading and Delsarte in costume. Ezra Roberts a student of Butler University rendered a solo. Cello solo by the accomplished musician, Miss Willa Hart, accompanied by Miss Myrtle Hart. Willis Bryant was master of ceremonies. Refreshments were served and a neat little sum was realized.

See Additional Local 3rd Page—Part 2.

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(Established 1853.)

Open Evenings Until Xmas.

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It is always best to do your

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The Lowest Prices in Indiana

are also always here. These things are well worth thinking about.

THE PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

Bankrupt Sale!

Have to be sold inside of twelve days. The Bankrupt stock of Knowl, Balz & Co., in full blast, at

THE FAMOUS CLOAK HOUSE

JACKETS.

$10 Fine Beaver Jackets, at . . . $2.50
$15 Jackets, in rough effect, only . $4.50.
$20 Jackets going at . . . . . . $6.50.
These are the greatest bargains on earth

CAPES.

$9 Double Cloth Capes, during this sale . . . . $2.85.
$15 Wool Astrakan Capes, during this sale. $5.00,
Plush Capes, ... $3.50, $4 50, $5, and $6.
You can't afford to buy a Cape or Jacket until you see this stock.

SEPARATE SKIRTS.

Three hundred Skirts to select from.
Mohair Skirts, 5⅝ yard sweep, only $1.85
See our line at $2, $2.50 and $3. These are cheap at three times the price.
Astrakan Capes, choice $18.00
Four Wool Seal Capes, cost $65, take choice for $19.00

CHILDREN'S JACKETS.

A large assortment at $2, $2.50, $3 and $3.50
75 Children's and Misses' Gretchens, six to fourteen years, were $10, choice for $2.00

This $12.00 Cape, now $2.98.

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All goods during the Holidays sold on Payments at Cash prices. Terms to suit each individual.

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